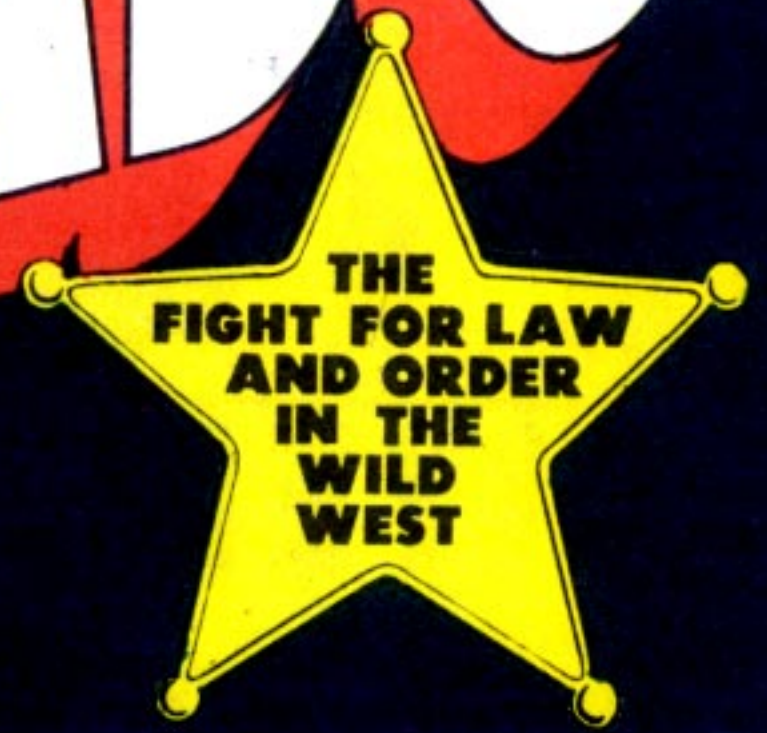


DESPERADO DESPERADO DESPERADO

Illustrories



**ALL
TRUE
WILD WEST
ILLUSTORIES**

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

WAKE UP, CESAR! I JUST ESCAPED FROM THE FEDERALIST'S PRISON! THAT TRUSTED LOOK-OUT MAN OF YOURS IS NO OUTLAW! HE'S LIEUTENANT DELCIO OF THE ARMY!

THAT'S TRUE, CESAR! I NEVER DID TRUST THAT FANCY TALKIN' OF HIS! NO WONDER ALL OUR RAIDS HAVE FAILED LATELY!

CARRAMBA! JUST YESTERDAY I KILLED TWO OF MY BEST MEN BECAUSE I THOUGHT THEM TO BE THE INFORMERS!



CHARLES BIRO

A FULL-SIZE
52 page
MAG!

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS



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BE FIRST



54th YEAR

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LADIES - You - MEN

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Electric Record Players, Excel Movie Projectors with roll of film (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art

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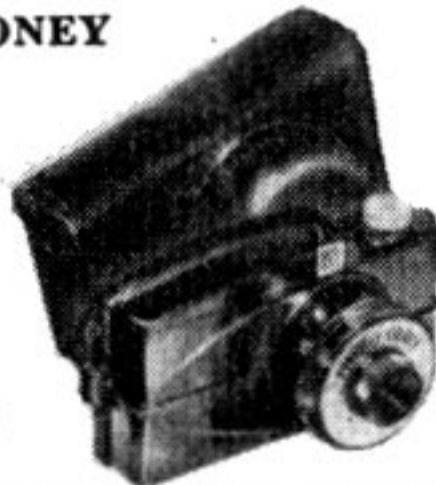
sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. Our 54th year. Act now! Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-53, Tyrone, Pa.

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NOW

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TRUST
YOU

BOYS
GIRLS
MEN
LADIES



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Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. CH-53, Tyrone, Pa.

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or CASH
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Age.....

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Zone

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Print LAST
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

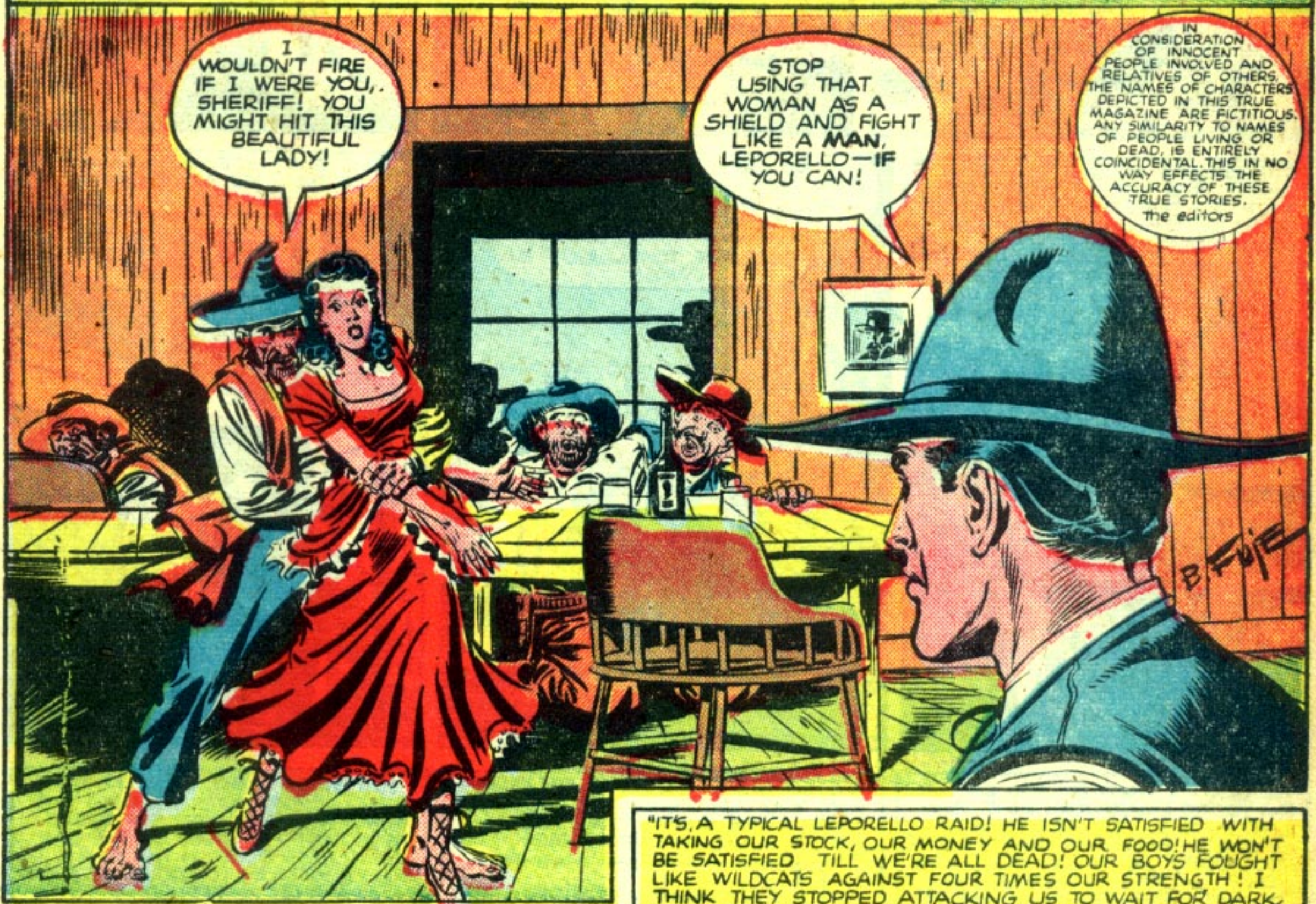
OBEY THE LAW

CESAR LEPORELLO

AND THE PHONY DIAMOND OF THE RIO GRANDE!



"I'LL KEEP THIS EIGHTEEN KARAT DIAMOND IF IT COSTS THE LIFE OF EVERY HUMAN IN THE SOUTHWEST!" HE SAID!

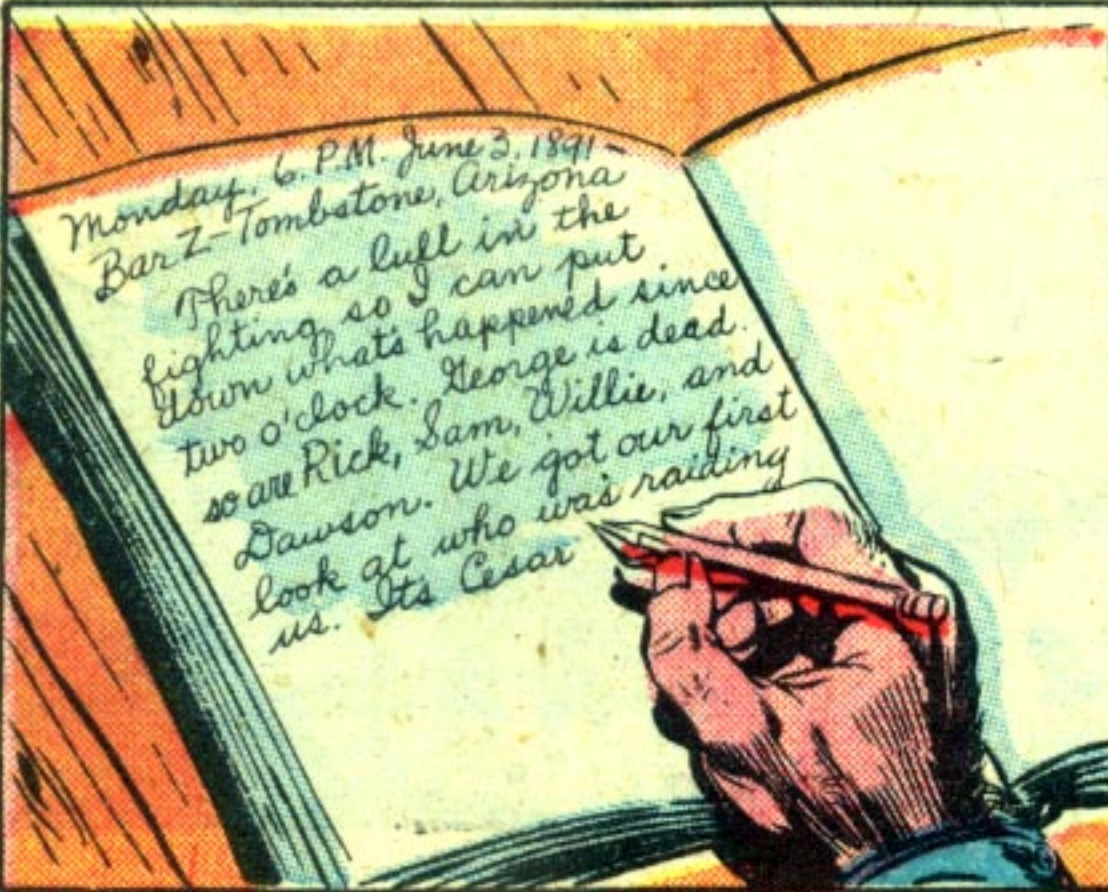


I WOULDN'T FIRE IF I WERE YOU, SHERIFF! YOU MIGHT HIT THIS BEAUTIFUL LADY!

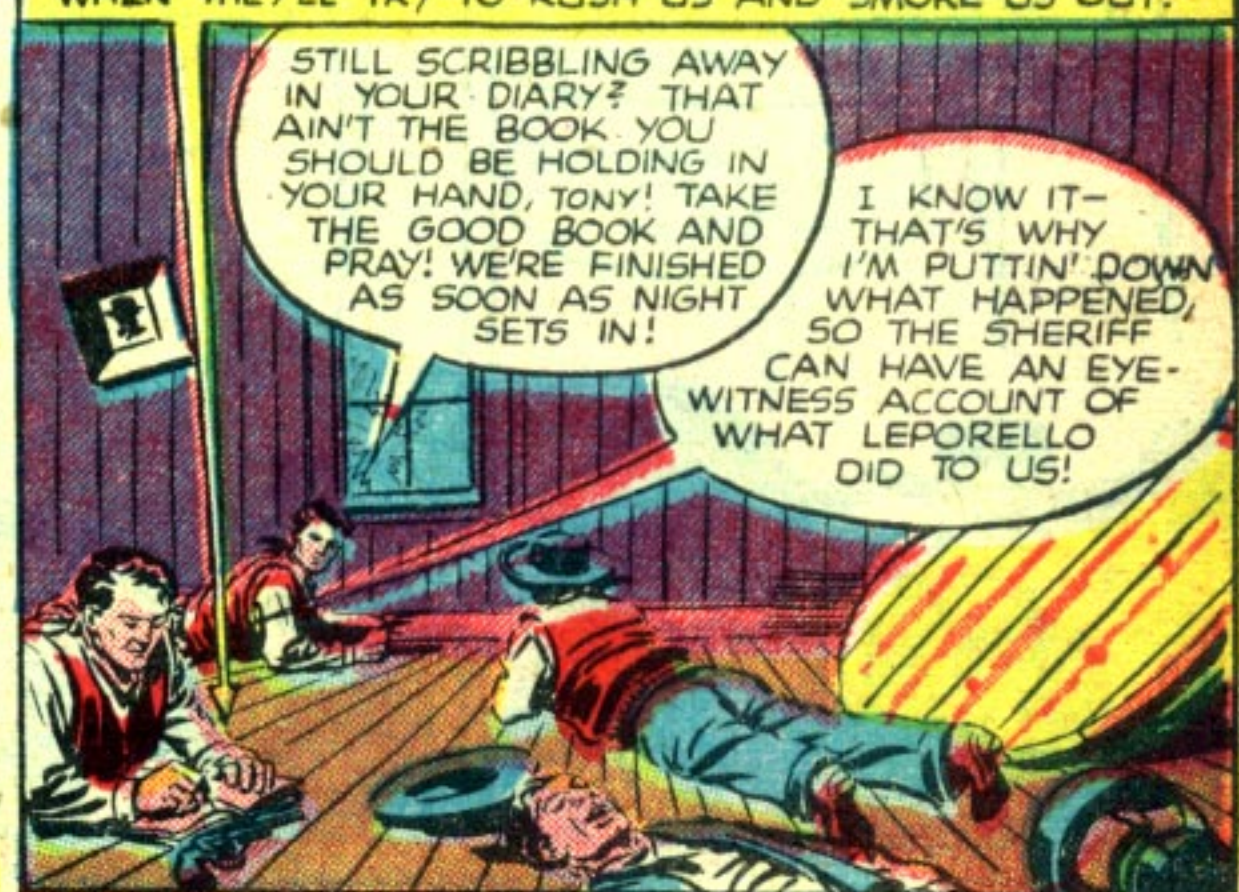
STOP USING THAT WOMAN AS A SHIELD AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN, LEPORELLO—IF YOU CAN!

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING OR DEAD, IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO WAY EFFECTS THE ACCURACY OF THESE TRUE STORIES. the editors

"IT'S A TYPICAL LEPORELLO RAID! HE ISN'T SATISFIED WITH TAKING OUR STOCK, OUR MONEY AND OUR FOOD! HE WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL WE'RE ALL DEAD! OUR BOYS FOUGHT LIKE WILDCATS AGAINST FOUR TIMES OUR STRENGTH! I THINK THEY STOPPED ATTACKING US TO WAIT FOR DARK, WHEN THEY'LL TRY TO RUSH US AND SMOKE US OUT!"



Monday, 6 P.M. June 3, 1891 - Bar Z-Tombstone, Arizona
There's a lull in the fighting, so I can put down what's happened since two o'clock. George is dead, so are Rick, Sam, Willie, and Dawson. We got our first look at who was raiding us. It's Cesar



STILL SCRIBBLING AWAY IN YOUR DIARY? THAT AIN'T THE BOOK YOU SHOULD BE HOLDING IN YOUR HAND, TONY! TAKE THE GOOD BOOK AND PRAY! WE'RE FINISHED AS SOON AS NIGHT SETS IN!

I KNOW IT— THAT'S WHY I'M PUTTIN' DOWN WHAT HAPPENED, SO THE SHERIFF CAN HAVE AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF WHAT LEPORELLO DID TO US!

OBEY THE LAW

THEY DON'T NEED YOUR EVIDENCE! THEY GOT ENOUGH ON LEPORELLO TO HANG HIM IN EVERY STATE IN THE WEST!

JUST THE SAME, EVERY BIT HELPS! IT'S THE ONLY CONSOLATION I'VE GOT... KNOWIN' THE POLECAT WILL BE HANGED SOMEDAY!

I'M GONNA MAKE SOME FLAPJACKS AND COFFEE— ANYBODY WANT SOME?

WHY NOT? EVEN THE CONDEMNED HAVE A LAST MEAL!

TO YOUR STATIONS, EVERYBODY! HERE THEY COME!

THEY GOT NO MANNERS.. INTERRUPTIN' OUR SUPPER!

"FOUR OF US STILL ALIVE... MORE OR LESS - THEY'VE GOT US COVERED FROM ALL DIRECTIONS! THE BULLETS ARE FLYIN' IN LIKE RAIN! IT LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! THEY JUST SET FIRE TO OUR SHACK! GOOD-BYE, BOYS, I GUESS I'LL NEVER SEE YOU GUYS AGAIN... TONY OF THE BAR Z!"

LET THAT BLASTED DIARY GO AND COVER THE YARD!

YEP! JUST AS SOON AS I FIND A SAFE PLACE FOR THESE PAGES!

SOMEBODY'S BOUND TO FIND IT INSIDE THIS KETTLE! NOBODY'S GOIN' TO OVERLOOK A PERFECTLY GOOD KETTLE!...NOW THEY CAN COME AN' GET US...

DON'T WORRY! THEY WILL! THE SONS OF SATAN!!... I CAN'T SEE 'EM IN THE DARK!!

IT'S NO USE... WE CAN'T PUT THE FIRE OUT! MAKE A RUN FOR IT! A BULLET'S BETTER THAN BEING ROASTED ALIVE...

SO LONG, TOM... JUST IN CASE!

THIS IS IT! LET'S TAKE AS MANY OF THE DOGS AS WE CAN WITH US!

COME OUT IN THE OPEN, YOU FILTHY COYOTES!

WE GOT 'EM TO THE LAST MAN, CESAR! GOOD JOB, EH?

WHAT DO YOU CALL A GOOD JOB? EIGHT DEAD AND ONLY NINETY HEAD OF SKINNY CATTLE, AN' A FEW DOLLARS? IT'S A DISGRACE TO THE REPUTATION OF CESAR LEPORELLO! THEY WILL THINK SOME BUNGLING AMATEUR DID THIS WORK!

BUT IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO ATTACK THE BAR Z!

AH! SO THIS BUNGLING IS MY FAULT! WHY, YOU PIG! I HAVE TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE BRAINS THAN YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR MAGGOTY HEAD!

THESE NEW RECRUITS FROM TEXAS... THEY CAN'T LEARN THAT CESAR'S NEVER WRONG! THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN DISAGREE WITH CESAR IS A DEAD MAN!

BANG!

BANG!

'YOU WERE RIGHT, SHERIFF! THAT FIEND LEPORELLO'S CROSSED THE BORDER AGAIN! TONY SPADE, THE ASSISTANT FOREMAN OF THE BAR Z, HID THIS DIARY IN THE FIRE-PLACE KETTLE! IT TELLS US EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED TILL THE LAST MINUTE...

I WISH SPADE COULD'VE TOLD US WHAT WAS GOIN' TO HAPPEN! WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO COMB THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST FOR LEPORELLO'S HIDEOUT! CHANCES ARE THAT'S WHERE THE SCORPION IS HEADED!

OBEY THE LAW

CESAR LEPORELLO ON RAMPAGE!
ALL ARIZONA BANKS, TRAINS, RANCHES, BE ON YOUR GUARD!

THE BUGLE
BANDIT ARMY ON MARCH NORTH REPORTED NEAR SIMEON, ARIZ.

DAILY
OUTLYING SETTLEMENTS TERRORIZED! LEPORELLO SPARES NO ONE!

IF THEY KNEW I WAS A DEPUTY SHERIFF, THEY'D SKIN ME ALIVE! EVERYBODY'S TOO DRUNK TO KNOW THAT I'M NEW IN THEIR GANG!

LISTEN, YOU DUMBELLS! HALF OF YOU WILL GO TO THE HIDEOUT WHILE I LEAD THE OTHER HALF TO TETLOW TO ROB THE BANK!

BUT, CESAR, CAN'T WE ROB SOMETHIN' A LITTLE SMALLER?

SMALLER? YOU YELLOW WEASEL! PERHAPS A PIG LIKE YOU WOULD LIKE TO ROB PIGGY BANKS! I'LL OPEN THE TETLOW BANK AS EASILY AS I OPEN YOUR THICK HEAD!

I HAVE BROKEN INTO BANKS TEN TIMES THE SIZE OF TETLOW SINGLE-HANDED! I DID NOT EVEN HAVE TO FIRE A SHOT—MY NAME MADE 'EM FREEZE WITH TERROR!

MAYBE WE STOP HERE, CESAR? BIG FLOCKS OF CATTLE AN' PLENTY OF PEOPLE TO ROB, AN' WE CAN STAY INDOORS RATHER THAN SLEEP IN THE RAIN!

NO! WE STOP ONLY IN TETLOW! IF WE MAKE TROUBLE HERE, THEY WILL KNOW WE ARE COMIN'! I WANT TO SURPRISE THEM!

AND VICE VERSA, MR. BUTCHER!

YOU DESERVE A LOT OF CREDIT FOR RISKING YOUR LIFE, DEPUTY RYAN, BUT ARE YOU POSITIVE LEPORELLO WILL PICK ON THE TOUGHEST BANK IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA WHEN HE CAN FIND SO MANY EASIER PICKINGS?

SURE! LEPORELLO'S JUST A BRAGGART AN' NO BRAVER THAN A MOUSE, BUT GOING AFTER THE TETLOW BANK APPEALS TO HIS VANITY! VANITY WILL BE THE DEATH OF LEPORELLO SOME DAY! MAYBE THE TOWN OF TETLOW WILL DO THE HONORS!

SOMETHING IS FUNNY HERE! I SEE NO SHERIFF, NO DEPUTIES, NO TROOPS! THERE SHOULD BE SOME PROTECTION ON THE STREETS OF TETLOW, UNLESS THEY ARE AFTER BIGGER GAME, AN' WHAT CAN BE BIGGER GAME THAN ME, CESAR LEPORELLO? TO BE SAFE, I SHALL SEND MANUEL AHEAD! I WILL MOVE IN FROM THE REAR!

MANUEL, YOU WILL LEAD TEN MEN INTO THE BANK! I WILL COVER YOUR ENTRANCE FROM BEHIND!

AHA! CESAR'S BRAVERY IS COMING OUT AGAIN IN ALL ITS YELLOW GLORY!

I MUST BE GETTIN' LUCKY IN MY OLD AGE! MANUEL IS ALREADY INSIDE THE BANK AND NOT A SINGLE SHOT IS FIRED! PERHAPS ALL THE SHERIFFS ARE IN THE HILLS LOOKING FOR ME!

SHOULDN'T WE OPEN FIRE, SHERIFF? THEY MIGHT START BLAZING AWAY INSIDE THE BANK!

NO! LEPORELLO DOESN'T OPERATE THAT WAY! HE LINES THEM UP WITH THEIR FACES TO THE WALL THEN, WHEN THE JOB IS FINISHED, HE SHOOTS THEM IN THE BACK! WE HAVE TIME, JOE!

EVERYBODY RAISE HIS HANDS!

LINE UP WITH YOUR FACES TO THE WALL—PRONTO!

HOW QUICK THEY OBEY, AND CESAR WAS AFRAID TO COME IN! HE GROWS MORE CHICKEN-HEARTED BY THE MINUTE!

EMPTY THE SAFES WHILE I SEE WHAT THE CUSTOMERS HAVE! AHA—I SEE ONE THING THAT'S WORTH PLENTY! HEY, YOU, LADY! TAKE OFF THAT RING!

THIS IS FUNNY! THE IMBECILE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S MADE OF GLASS! I'LL STRING HIM ALONG—MAKE HIM THINK HE'S GOT A KING'S RANSOM IN THIS PIECE OF JUNK!

B..BUT SEÑOR— THIS DIAMOND IS WORTH A FORTUNE! IT IS AN HEIRLOOM HANDED DOWN THROUGH MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS!

OBEY THE LAW

THAT'S A STORY THAT WOULD BREAK ANY HEART BUT MINE! AHA! IT IS A BEAUTY!...

EIGHTEEN CARATS OF FLAWLESS BLUE DIAMOND, SEÑOR! IT BREAKS MY HEART TO SEE IT LEAVE MY HAND!

GIVE 'EM ANOTHER MINUTE—PERHAPS LEPORELLO WILL SHOW UP!

STILL NO SHOTS—ALL MUST BE GOING WELL! IT'S TIME FOR CESAR LEPORELLO TO TAKE COMMAND OF THIS DELICATE OPERATION!

FORWARD, FOOLS! INTO THE BANK—WE MUST HELP OUR COMRADES!

AEE! MANUEL! LOOK! THE SAFES ARE EMPTY!

MANUEL, THERE IS NO MONEY IN THE SAFES! NOT A PENNY!

IN A BANK, NO MONEY? IT CANNOT BE—UNLESS THEY HAVE PREPARED IT SO!

OH-OH!—THEY'RE GETTIN' WISE! COME ON! LET'S GET 'EM!

REACH! ALL OF YOU!

CESAR! GO BACK! IT'S A TRAP!

CARAMBA! SOMETHING TOLD ME THERE'D BE TROUBLE! ON YOUR HORSES, QUICK! YOUR LIVES DEPEND ON YOUR SWIFTNES!

EVERYBODY GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR! THERE ARE WILD BULLETS FLYIN' AROUND!

NO YOU DON'T, YOU SKUNK! YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE IN TOWN!

LET GO, SEÑORA, BEFORE I KILL YOU!

MRS. MOYLAN, LET HIM GO! WOMEN OR CHILDREN MEAN NOTHING TO THOSE DEVILS! LET HIM GO! LET US GET A SHOT AT HIM!

HE SHOT MRS. MOYLAN!...

BRING ME MY HORSE! IT'S TIED UP ON THIS SIDE!

WE RIDE TO THE HIDEOUT! HURRY, MANUEL!

NO! WE MUST LOSE OURSELVES! WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR, IMBECILES! LET MANUEL LOOK OUT FOR HIMSELF!

DIRTY COWARD! ALWAYS LAST TO ENTER AND FIRST TO FLEE! I WOULD LET HIM HAVE IT, IF MY GUN WASN'T EMPTY!

WELL, WE GOT MOST OF 'EM, JIM! THEY GOT NOTHIN' BUT MRS. MOYLAN'S RING!...

AN' MRS. MOYLAN, I'M AFRAID! I THINK SHE'S HURT REAL BAD!

DON'T FUSS OVER ME, SHERIFF! I'M FINISHED! AND THE RING... IT WAS WORTHLESS! IN FACT, I THINK THERE'S A CURSE ON IT! IT KILLED MR. MOYLAN! HE WAS A BARKER IN A SIDE SHOW WHEN I MARRIED HIM...

HE BOUGHT THE RING AS PART OF THE COME-ON COSTUME! EIGHTEEN CARATS OF SOLID WINDOW-PANE GLASS! ONE NIGHT, MR. MOYLAN WAS COMING HOME LATE—TWO CROOKS JUMPED HIM... THEY M-MUST'VE THOUGHT THE RING WAS GENUINE... COUGH COUGH...

TAKE IT EASY, MRS. MOYLAN—MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT TALK!

OBEY THE LAW

WELL, MR. MOYLAN WAS NEVER ONE TO DODGE A FIGHT! IT TURNED OUT TO BE THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE AND POOR DAN L-LOST IT! BUT HE DID NOT LOSE THE RING-THE TWO VILLAINS WERE FRIGHTENED AWAY...

ST-STABBED OVER A WORTHLESS PIECE OF GLASS...

NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PAY THE P-PRICE FOR WEARING THAT RING! ? COUGH? OHHHH!

POOR MRS. MOYLAN!

THERE MUST'VE BEEN A SPY IN OUR BAND! HOW ELSE COULD THEY HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR US AT THE TETLOW BANK?

LISTEN, FOOLS! WE CANNOT USE THE ROADS BY DAY! THAT WOULD MAKE IT EASY FOR THE POSSE TO TRAIL US! WE HIDE BY DAY AND TRAVEL BY NIGHT...

WHO COULD IT BE? WHO HAS TURNED TRAITOR AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

I CANNOT LET CESAR FIND OUT ABOUT THE DIAMOND-HE WILL TAKE IT FROM ME, AFTER ALL I WENT THROUGH TO GET IT!

AND SO I CAME INTO THE POSSESSION OF MY THIRD OWNER-A LOATHSOME CREATURE WHO DESERVED ONLY THE WORST FATE! THROUGHOUT THE LONG AND BLOODY PURSUIT OF CESAR LEPORELLO BY THE ARIZONA POSSE, I REMAINED HIDDEN IN THE FILTHY JACKET OF MANUEL DECORBA, VETERAN CUTTHROAT, BUT AMATEUR GEM EXPERT... ONLY IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT WOULD HE DARE LOOK AT ME!

YOU GLEAM LIKE THE NORTH STAR, MY GORGEOUS ONE! BUT YOU MUST GLEAM ONLY FOR ME!

WHAT IS IT MANUEL KEEPS LOOKING AT? TWO OR THREE TIMES A NIGHT HE TAKES SOMETHING OUT OF HIS POCKET... SIGHS AT IT... RUBS IT... SOMETIMES HE EVEN KISSES IT! COULD IT BE A PICTURE OF MANUEL'S GIRL FRIEND?

NO! MANUEL HATES WOMEN! WE'D BETTER TELL CESAR ABOUT THIS!

HE KEEPS IT IN HIS JACKET POCKET, CESAR!

ALL RIGHT, MANUEL! GIVE IT TO ME! WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?

GIVE YOU WHAT, CESAR? I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU WANT!

DON'T LIE! WHAT DO YOU LOOK AT TWO OR THREE TIMES A NIGHT?

OH...T-THAT? WHY...UH...IT'S A WANTED PICTURE, CESAR!... ER...I FOUND IT YESTERDAY! I-I WANTED TO SHOW IT TO YOU, CESAR! YOU'RE WORTH MORE MONEY THAN THEY'RE OFFERING FOR YOU!

INDEED? HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK THE SHERIFFS SHOULD PAY FOR MY HEAD?

HOW PALE HE LOOKS! HOW HE TREMBLES!

THEY OFFER ONLY \$5,000 FOR YOU, DEAD OR ALIVE! YOU'RE WORTH MUCH MORE THAN THAT, CESAR...

THEN WHY DON'T YOU BARGAIN MORE, MANUEL?

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

I? W-WHY SHOULD I BARGAIN? ONLY A TRAITOR WOULD BARGAIN, CESAR!

EXACTLY, MANUEL! THAT'S WHY YOU'RE NOT SLEEPING NIGHTS! YOU'RE BUSY THINKING UP WAYS TO BETRAY ME!

LOOK AT YOURSELF, MANUEL! YOU ARE PALE! YOU PERSPIRE! YOU LOOK AT MY FACE ON THIS POSTER AND WISH IT WAS A DEAD FACE, BECAUSE IT WOULD BE WORTH \$5,000 TO YOU... MAYBE EVEN MORE, EH, MANUEL? YOU WERE ALWAYS A GOOD BARGAINER!

N-NO! NO! CESAR, Y-YOU ARE WRONG!

BUT EVEN A GOOD BARGAINER LIKE YOU MIGHT GET A LOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR! ON YOUR KNEES, MANUEL! I AM STILL KIND ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU A QUICK FINISH!

WAIT, CESAR! I DID HAVE SOMETHING ON MY MIND, BUT NOT TREACHERY! N-NO! NEVER TREACHERY! IT IS THIS BIG DIAMOND I FOUND INSIDE THE BANK! SEE? AN EIGHTEEN KARAT DIAMOND!

OBEY THE LAW

AND YOU FOUND THIS ON THE FLOOR OF THE BANK? DOG OF A LIAR! THIS WAS YOUR PAYMENT FOR BETRAYING US! YOU WERE AFRAID TO TAKE MONEY FOR FEAR WE WOULD DISCOVER IT! BUT WHO WOULD DISCOVER SOMETHING THAT FITS INTO A POCKET? AYE, MANUEL, YOU BARGAINED WELL! THIS DIAMOND IS WORTH TEN TIMES THE REWARD MONEY!

NO, CESAR... DON'T KILL ME! I STOLE IT FROM A WOMAN! I-I MEANT TO GIVE IT TO YOU! DON'T KILL ME, CESAR, PLEASE! REMEMBER... ALL I DID FOR YOU...

I REMEMBER, WELL, MANUEL!

BANG!

LET ME SEE IT, CESAR!

AFTER ME! HMM... AN EIGHTEEN KARAT STONE! WHO KNEW DIAMONDS CAME SO BIG? WHAT A GLEAM! IT'S BLINDING!

ONCE AGAIN, THE MAN WHO POSSESSED ME HAD DIED! BUT THAT WASN'T ALL! AT THE SAME MOMENT MANUEL'S BODY WAS BURIED...

A POSSE WAS CREEPING UP THE ROCKY TRAIL TOWARD CESAR'S HIDING PLACE! THE SHOT WHICH KILLED MANUEL LED THEM TO HIS SECONDARY HIDEOUT...

I KNEW I HEARD A SHOT! LOOK! BANDITS ON THE LEDGE!

SOME SHOOTING FOOL IN LEPORELLO'S OUTFIT'S GOING TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR SAD FINISH! QUIET! WE DON'T WANT ANY OF 'EM TO GET AWAY THIS TIME!

BUT ONE AND ONLY ONE DID GET AWAY! CESAR LEPORELLO! HIS MEN DID THE FIGHTING AND CESAR DID THE RUNNING!

DO YOU SEE ANY SIGN OF LEPORELLO?

NO, BUT THERE'S A TUNNEL IN THE BACK OF THE CAVE! HE MUST'VE GONE OUT THAT WAY!

I STILL HAVE MY ACE IN THE HOLE—OUR HIDEOUT IN BUCK CANYON!

PROMISE NOT TO HANG ME AN' I'LL TAKE YA WHERE THE CHICKEN-LIVERED COYOTE HANGS OUT!

WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU FOR DAYS, CESAR! BUT WHERE ARE THE REST OF THE MEN?

WHERE WE'LL ALL BE IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE, PRONTO! A POSSE'S A HALF HOUR BEHIND US!

ONCE AGAIN LEPORELLO HAD SQUEEZED THROUGH THE FINGERS OF THE LAW! LEPORELLO WENT ON A CUTTHROAT TOWN-TO-TOWN RAID! BUT HE WAS ALWAYS CAREFUL TO SHOOT UP THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE FIRST... TO MAKE SURE NOBODY WOULD INTERFERE WITH HIS MURDEROUS PLANS!

THE COAST IS CLEAR! NOW, LOOT THE TOWN!

BEFORE WE LEAVE THIS TOWN, WE GONNA HAVE A BIG CELEBRATION!

THAT MAY NOT BE SMART, CESAR! A POSSE FROM COB'S HILL IS HEADIN' INTO TOWN!

LEPORELLO WAS HOUNDED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY—AND EVERY STEP OF THE WAY HE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER GRISLY JOKE WITH WHICH TO TORMENT HIS PURSUERS!

IT'S LEPORELLO HIMSELF! I RECOGNIZE HIS CLOTHING!

FILL THE SKUNK WITH LEAD!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT ISN'T LEPORELLO! IT'S A DEPUTY DRESSED IN HIS CLOTHING! HE'S LASHED TO THE SADDLE! THAT'S WHY HE DOESN'T FALL OFF!

WHAT WILL THAT CURSED WOLF THINK UP NEXT?

OBEY THE LAW

I HAVE BEEN SCOUTIN' THE POSSE ALL AFTERNOON, CESAR! THEY'RE LIKE BLOODHOUNDS! WE CAN'T THROW THEM OFF OUR TRAIL!

MAYBE I CAN'T, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL THROW THEM FAR OFF THE TRAIL! ROBERTS, BRING THE T.N.T. WE'VE BEEN CARRYIN' FOR BANK BUSTIN'!

I'VE NEVER SEEN SO PLAIN A TRAIL! LEPORELLO MUST BE OUT OF HIS MIND, SCATTERING THIS GARBAGE WHEREVER HE GOES!

LOOK! UP THERE - TOWARD THE CHACO HILLS, SHERIFF! LEPORELLO'S WAVING A WHITE FLAG! IT'S EITHER SURRENDER, OR A TRAP!

I DON'T TRUST THE DEVIL! HE MAY BE INVITING US TO OUR FUNERAL! YOU MEN WAIT HERE! I'LL TALK TO HIM ALONE!

I'LL GO WITH YOU, SHERIFF! YOU MAY RUN INTO TROUBLE!

ONLY TWO OF THEM APPROACH, CESAR! SHALL I GIVE THE MEN THE SIGNAL?

YES! TWO LAW OFFICERS ARE BETTER THAN NONE!

AW-MIGOSH! IT AIN'T AN AMBUSH! THEY MINED THE WHOLE APPROACH TO THE HILLS! MOUNT YOUR HORSES! I WANT THAT VARMINTS HEAD BEFORE SUNDOWN!

NO, JIM! THEY MAY'VE MINED EVERY APPROACH TO THE CLIFFS! WE'LL GET LEPORELLO ANOTHER TIME!

YOU SURE FIXED 'EM GOOD, CESAR! THEY DIDN'T DARE FOLLOW US ONCE THEY SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SHERIFF!

A MERE BEGINNING, FRIENDS! CESAR LEPORELLO HAS NEVER SEEN THE INSIDE OF A PRISON AND NEVER WILL! THERE ARE TOO MANY TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE! AHH... LOOK AT MY RING! POLISHIN' MAKES IT SHINE LIKE THE SUN!

CESAR! TWO MEN RIDE THIS WAY! THEY CARRY A WHITE FLAG!

HI, THERE, LEPORELLO! ROLL OUT THE WELCOME MAT! YOUR OWN KIND WANTS TO JOIN UP WITH YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT, LEPORELLO! I'M "WILD IKE" MADDERN! MY FRIEND'S HANDLE IS SID SUMMERS! WE'RE WANTED IN FIVE STATES! WE'RE BOTH FAST IN THE SADDLE AND FAST ON THE DRAW! WE FIGURED WE'D COME IN HANDY!

THAT'S RIGHT YOU DO!

ROBERTS, TAKE OUR FRIENDS OUT AND HANG 'EM!

B-BUT YOU CAN'T HANG US, LEPORELLO! WE'RE YOUR KIND! WE'RE OUTLAWS!

I... CESAR LEPORELLO... AN OUTLAW? YOU'RE MISTAKEN, SENORS! I AM THE MOST LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN IN THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST! STRING 'EM UP, ROBERTS!

"TO WHICHEVER SHERIFF IT MAY CONCERN... YOU SEE HOW WRONG YOU ARE ABOUT ME? HERE HANGS THE EVIDENCE THAT I AM ON YOUR SIDE! I UNDERSTAND THERE IS REWARD MONEY COMING TO ME FOR CATCHING THESE MARAUDERS! PLEASE KEEP THE MONEY IN A GOOD EASTERN BANK... SO IT WILL BE SAFE! QUITE BY ACCIDENT I MIGHT LOOT ONE OF THE WESTERN BANKS AND STEAL MY OWN MONEY! THAT WOULD BE QUITE A JOKE, NO?... LEPORELLO!"

AS TIME PASSED, CESAR GREW EVEN MORE CONSIDERATE! INSTEAD OF STRINGING UP THE ILL-FATED DESPERADOES HE CAUGHT FROM TREES, HE DROPPED THE BADMEN OFF AT THE SHERIFF'S DOORS, WHERE THE MINIONS OF THE LAW HAD TO TRIP OVER THEM!

"ENCLOSED FIND BILL FOR ONE DEAD DESPERADO!" SHERIFF, I DON'T GET IT!

I DO! IT'S LEPORELLO'S WEIRD WAY OF MAKING FUN OF THE LAW! HE'S GETTING PLUMB LOCO!

OBEY THE LAW

CESAR, YOU KNOW I'M YOUR FRIEND! EVERYTHIN' YOU DO IS JAKE BY ME, SO I'M JUST TALKIN' FOR YOUR SAKE! THE BOYS AIN'T TAKIN' TO THIS OUT-LAW KILLIN' OF YOURS! THEY THINK IT AIN'T RIGHT, MURDERIN' YOUR OWN KIND FOR THE LOUSY SHERIFFS TO LAUGH AT! EVEN IF IT'S A JOKE, THEY DON'T LIKE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR!

THEY SOON WILL, ROBERTS! WHAT WENT ON BEFORE WAS JUST PREPARATION FOR THE JOKE TO COME! THEY'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN WHEN WE CAPTURE THE LORDEEN RANCH DOWN BELOW THERE!

ALL RIGHT, YOU RATS! TAKE THE RANCH!



WE LOOTED THE RANCH, FIRED THE BUILDINGS AN' SHOT MOST OF THE HANDS! NOW, WHAT?

TAKE THE SURVIVORS OUT AN' HANG 'EM ON TREES HALF A MILE APART WHILE I WRITE A FEW NOTES TO PIN ON THEIR CHESTS!



"TO THE SHERIFF WHOM IT MAY CONCERN! A THOUSAND APOLOGIES FOR KILLING THIS MAN! HE WAS THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF DANGEROUS BILL MCGRAW! TO ERR IS HUMAN! REGRETFULLY YOURS, CESAR LEPORELLO!"



"TO THE SHERIFF WHOM IT MAY CONCERN! ANOTHER GOOD MAN TAKEN FOR A DESPERADO! BUT MISTAKES CAN HAPPEN TO ANYBODY, EH, SHERIFF? CESAR LEPORELLO!"



"TO SHERIFF NICHOLAS OF BORDERTOWN, ARIZONA! A MILLION APOLOGIES FOR MISTAKING YOUR SON FOR AN OUT-LAW! THE RESEMBLANCE FOOLED ME! YOU SEE, YOUR SON WAS SHORT AND MIKE THE SHILL IS TALL! YOUR SON HAD LOTS OF HAIR, MIKE THE SHILL IS BALD! YOUR SON HAD TWO ARMS, MIKE ONLY ONE! SO YOU SEE HOW EASY IT WAS TO CONFUSE THE TWO! I SHARE YOUR TEARS, SHERIFF! CESAR LEPORELLO!"

BILLY WAS LUCKY, SHERIFF! AT LEAST LEPORELLO DIDN'T TORTURE THE BOY AS HE DOES MOST OF THE POOR DEVILS WHO FALL INTO HIS CLUTCHES!

SOB! I'LL GET HIM... IF IT'S THE L-LAST THING I EVER DO!



THAT LAST STUNT OF YOURS, KILLIN' SHERIFF NICHOLAS' SON, IS GOING TO BOOMERANG, CESAR! EVERYBODY'S JOININ' UP AS DEPUTIES! HUNDREDS OF MEN ARE SCOURIN' THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR THE KILLER!

THEY'LL GET HIM, ROBERTS... DELIVERED ON A SILVER PLATTER! YOU ONCE SAID THAT EVERYTHING I DID WAS JAKE WITH YOU! WELL, I NEED A SCAPEGOAT, ROBERTS! YOU! I HOPE IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU IF I KILL YOU!



THANKS, ROBERTS! I KNEW IT WOULD BE!



"TO SHERIFF NICHOLAS OF BORDERTOWN, ARIZONA! HERE IS THE PIG WHO KILLED YOUR SON! MY SYMPATHY FOR YOU WAS SO GREAT I HAD TO RESORT TO SWIFT JUSTICE! YOUR FRIEND, LEPORELLO!"



LEPORELLO'S A LIAR! HE KILLED MY BILLY HIMSELF, BUT I'M NOT SORRY TO SEE ROBERTS' SKULL CRACKED!

LEPORELLO DIDN'T ALWAYS HIDE OUT IN THE HILLS! BORDERTOWN, ARIZONA, WAS FAMOUS FOR IT'S GAMBLING AND LEPORELLO COULDN'T RESIST DICE AND CARD PLAYING...

I AM ENTERING THE TOWN AS A PEON! THE REST OF YOU WILL TAKE UP POSITIONS IN THE HOTELS, SALOONS AND RESTAURANTS! DRIFT INTO TOWN ONE BY ONE SO AS NOT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! BUT BE READY IN CASE I AM FOUND OUT... WHICH IS NOT LIKELY! FOR, AS YOU SEE, I AM A MASTER OF DISGUISE!



A MASTER OF DISGUISE AND THE BOASTING FOOL WALKS INTO A GAMBLING HOUSE AS A POOR PEON-WITH AN EIGHTEEN KARAT RING ON HIS FINGER! AS USUAL, I CREATED TROUBLE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

GET OUT OF THAT SEAT, FARMER! LET A MAN WITH MONEY PLAY!

SO YOU CALLA MAN WHO WEARS AN EIGHTEEN KARAT DIAMOND POOR?



I HAPPEN TO BE A JEWELER BY PROFESSION! ANY MORON CAN SEE THAT YOUR RING IS MADE OF GLASS! WHAT ELSE BUT GLASS CAN A PEON WHO PLOWS THE EARTH AFFORD? GO TO THE CHEAP TABLES, PEON... WHERE YOU MAY PLAY WITH YOUR PENNIES!

PEON, AM I? GLASS RING, IS IT? IMBECILES, YOU WOULD TREMBLE IN YOUR BOOTS IF YOU ONLY KNEW MY NAME! SO I WILL TELL YOU! I AM CESAR LEPORELLO!



OBEY THE LAW

NOW PAY WITH YOUR LIFE FOR YOUR INSULTS!

OKAY, LEPORELLO! THANKS FOR ANNOUNCING YOURSELF! I'VE HUNTED YOU FOR WEEKS! NOW YOU'VE WALKED STRAIGHT UNDER MY GUN SIGHTS!

IT'S SHERIFF NICHOLAS! LEPORELLO KILLED HIS SON, BILLY! GET DOWN—THERE'S GONNA BE FIREWORKS!



I WOULDN'T FIRE IF I WERE YOU, SHERIFF! FIRST, YOU MIGHT HIT THIS BEAUTIFUL LADY! SECOND, IF YOU SO MUCH AS RAISE THAT GUN, I WILL KILL HER!

STOP USING THAT WOMAN AS A SHIELD AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN, LEPORELLO!



CALLING ME NAMES WON'T HELP, SHERIFF! LET'S GET DOWN TO CASES! THIS WOMAN DIES IF YOU PERSIST IN TRYIN' TO SHOOT ME DOWN! BUT I HAVE ANOTHER SUGGESTION! WHY DON'T WE SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES WITH A DUEL—MAN TO MAN, GUN AGAINST GUN, ONE LOSER AND ONE WINNER, EH, SHERIFF?

I'M READY FOR YOU ANY TIME, LEPORELLO! I'LL DUEL AT ANY DISTANCE YOU NAME! LET THAT WOMAN GO, AND TAKE YOUR POSITION!



OH, NO, SHERIFF—NOT HERE! A BULLET MIGHT GO WILD AND SOME INNOCENT PERSON MIGHT BE HURT! LET'S FIGHT THIS OUT IN THE STREET!

AH, I SEE PEDRO HAS CAUGHT ON! HE GOES INTO THE STREET TO WARN THE MEN!

I DON'T CARE WHERE I BLOW YOUR FILTHY, MURDERING LIFE OUT! GET INTO THE STREET—GO AHEAD! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, AND DON'T WORRY, I WON'T SHOOT YOU IN THE BACK—WHICH IS WHAT I SHOULD DO!



POOR SHERIFF NICHOLAS! DID HE KNOW CESAR LEPORELLO SO LITTLE AS TO THINK THE ROTTEN COWARD WOULD EVER FIGHT FAIRLY? A DOZEN PAIRS OF EYES STARED AT THE BRAVE MAN AS HE WALKED INTO THE STREET! A DOZEN GUN MUZZLES WERE POINTED AT HIS CHEST!

OKAY, LEPORELLO—I'M READY—GO ON AND DRAW!

I WILL, BUT I WARN YOU, SHERIFF, IT WILL SEEM LIKE TWELVE MEN DRAWING!



IN FACT, SHERIFF, IT IS TWELVE MEN!

SHERIFF NICHOLAS WAS DRAWN INTO AN AMBUSH! HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!



WHAT A MONKEY YOU MADE OF THAT SHERIFF, CESAR! YOU HAVE A FINE HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS!

AND THAT'S WHERE IT'S GOING TO STAY, AMIGO! IN FACT, THAT IS WHY I SENT LOLO AND DENVER JOE TO CANANEA TO BRING THE REST OF THE GANG ACROSS THE BORDER! I EXPECT THEM TO MEET US IN SLATERVILLE IN TWO WEEKS! THEN WE SHALL HAVE A TIME! WE MAY SOME DAY RULE THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!



THEY HAD A TIME, BUT NOT IN SLATERVILLE! WHEN DENVER JOE AND LOLO GOT TO CANANEA, MEXICO, BAD NEWS GREETED THEM!

YOU CAME TOO LATE! CARLOS AN' I ARE THE ONLY SURVIVORS! THE FEDERALISTS DISCOVERED OUR HIDEOUT AND ATTACKED AT MIDNIGHT! MOST OF US WERE EITHER DRUNK OR SLEEPING! WE KNEW WHAT THE PENALTY FOR CAPTURE WAS, SO WE FOUGHT BACK! IT WAS SLAUGHTER, LOLO! WE RAN LIKE SHEEP—THEY CHASED LIKE WOLVES! THOSE WHO SURRENDERED WERE TRIED AND HUNG FROM TREES LIKE LEMONS!



WHEW—THIS AIN'T WHAT CESAR EXPECTED! HIS MEXICAN HIDEOUT BURNED AND HIS MEXICAN BAND WIPED OUT! I DON'T WANT TO TELL HIM THE "GOOD" NEWS!



OBEY THE LAW

CAPTAIN, THE GOVERNMENT WANTS YOU TO DROP WHATEVER YOU ARE DOING AND GO AFTER LEPORELLO! HIS WANTON DEFIANCE OF SHERIFF NICHOLAS IS A SEVERE REFLECTION ON OUR ABILITY TO PROTECT OUR CITIZENS!

I KNOW, YOUR HONOR! THERE WAS TALK OF RAISING A CITIZEN ARMY!

HOW DO YOU DO, CAPTAIN? YOUR DOOR BEING AJAR, I COULDN'T HELP HEARING WHAT YOU TOLD THIS GENTLEMAN! ARMIES ARE NOT THE WAY TO CAPTURE CESAR LEPORELLO! HE IS TOO COWARDLY TO DO BATTLE! WE MUST WORM OUR WAY INTO HIS BAND! I KNOW HOW TO GET AT HIM! HIS BAND HAS SUFFERED A GREAT DEFEAT IN MEXICO! LEPORELLO WILL BE FORCED TO RECRUIT NEW BANDITS! THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE... DO YOU FOLLOW ME?

PERFECTLY!

NOW, LET'S GO OVER OUR ACT ONCE MORE, LIEUTENANT DELCIO! WE'RE BOTH CUTTHROATS-YOUR HANDLE IS MONTEREY MIGUEL AN' MINE IS HANK GRAWE... BOTH OF THOSE FINE GENTLEMEN WERE CAUGHT IN CALIFORNIA LAST WEEK! THE NEWS PROBABLY WON'T REACH OUR VILLAIN FOR SOME TIME! IF WE DO OUR JOB RIGHT, HE WON'T SUSPECT WHO WE ARE!

I HAVE SOME ROUGH COWHAND RIG FOR US TO GET INTO! LET'S TRY 'EM ON!

I DON'T TRUST NEW MEN, BUT MOST OF MY OLD MEN ARE GONE! I NEED MORE HANDS, SO I MUST LET YOU JOIN! BUT CONSIDER YOURSELVES PRIVILEGED!

WE DO, SENOR... YOU HAVE THE SACRED PLEDGE OF MONTEREY MIGUEL THAT YOU WILL NEVER REGRET TAKING US INTO YOUR BRAVE BAND!

THAT MEXICAN JEWELER WAS RIGHT! THAT DIAMOND RING IS AS FAKE AS OUR PLEDGE!

NO SOONER DID THE TWO THESPIAN BRIGANDS JOIN UP THAN THE ROTTEN APPLE BEGAN TO FALL APART! JOB AFTER JOB WAS SMEARED! THE PROSPECTIVE VICTIMS WERE ALWAYS WARNED IN ADVANCE!

CESAR! GET OUT! IT'S A TRAP!

IT'S A NOTE FROM THE CAPTAIN! CESAR WILL HOLD UP THE HINDALE BANK TOMORROW NOON!

THIS IS BEYOND BELIEF! HOW COULD THEY BE SO PREPARED? UNLESS THERE'S ANOTHER TRAITOR IN MY BAND!

ZING!

TRAITORS, CESAR? BUT WE ARE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT! ANY SHERIFF WOULD SHOOT US ON SIGHT! WHO OF US WOULD DARE APPROACH A SHERIFF?

WELL, THEN, MAKE THIS JOB A SUCCESS OR I'LL THINK OTHERWISE!

THE SHERIFF WILL BE WAITING! WE WARNED HIM ABOUT THAT JOB YESTERDAY!

WAKE UP, CESAR! JUAN MANTA, HERE, JUST RODE INTO CAMP- HE ESCAPED FROM THE FEDERALISTS! HE HAS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

YOU'VE GOT A SPY IN CAMP! THAT SKUNK OVER THERE- HE IS LIEUTENANT DELCIO OF THE MEXICAN ARMY! HE WAS ONE OF THE FORCE THAT MASSACRED US AT CANANEA!

I KNEW IT COULDN'T BE JUST BAD LUCK!

YOU TRAITOR! SO YOU ARE THE ONE WHO WAS SENDING MY MEN TO THEIR DOOM! YOU WERE ROBBING ME OF FORTUNES OF MONEY! YOU AND THAT COUNTERFEIT HANK GRAWE! BUT YOU BOTH WILL PAY! HANG HIM, BEFORE I STRANGLE THIS DOG WITH MY BARE HANDS!

IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, LEPORELLO! WE'RE AFTER YOU AND WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU, NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO TO ME! SO COUNT YOUR MINUTES, YOU MURDERING DOG... THEY'RE NUMBERED!

MEANWHILE, THE SCOUNDRELS FOUND ONLY THE GRIM REAPER AT THEIR RENDEVOUS! HE SCYTHED AWAY THE LIVES OF MORE THAN A DOZEN MURDEROUS CESAR LEPORELLO MEN!

WHAT'S COME OVER US, HANK? EVERYTHING WE TOUCH TURNS BAD!

IT'S LEPORELLO! DO YOU NOTICE HOW HE NEVER GOES ON ANY JOB? CESAR NEVER STICKS HIS NECK OUT! HE KEEPS IT TUCKED INSIDE HIS YELLOW SHELL!

OBEY THE LAW

IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, WE'LL CHUCK LEPORELLO AND MAKE A NICE BIT OF CHANGE ON OUR OWN! LEPORELLO'S WASHED UP! HE'S AS BRAINLESS AND COWARDLY AS THEY COME! FOR ONE THING, WE'VE BEEN PASSING UP THE JOB OF THE CENTURY—LEPORELLO'S DIAMOND RING! LET'S SPLIT IT BETWEEN THE FOUR OF US, WHICH MEANS AT LEAST TEN GRAND APIECE—WHAT SAY?

I SAY, TEN GRAND NEVER HURT ANYBODY AND YOU'RE RIGHT, HANK! LEPORELLO'S ON THE SKIDS!



I KNEW YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY, BOYS! BUT REMEMBER, DON'T LISTEN TO ANYTHING LEPORELLO SAYS ABOUT THE RING! HE LIES LIKE HE BREATHE! LET'S JUMP HIM WHEN HE'S ASLEEP, THEN KIDNAP HIM! WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT THE WHOLE GANG—OR DO WE?

NO, SIR! ALL WE WANT IS THAT DIAMOND—TEN GRAND APIECE...WOW!

I LIKE THE WAY YOU TALK, HANK! YOU GOT A NATURAL TALENT FOR FIGGERIN' THINGS OUT! FROM HERE ON, YOU'RE OUR CAPTAIN!

LET'S SNEAK INTO HIS TENT AND WAIT FOR HIM!



THERE MUST'VE BEEN TROUBLE, CESAR! THEY AIN'T BACK YET! DO YOU STILL WANT TO STAY UP AND WAIT FOR THEM, CESAR?

NO, I CAN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN! I'M TURNING IN—BUT YOU WILL STAND GUARD ALL NIGHT, AND WAKE ME UP WHEN THEY COME BACK, AND IF YOU MESS THIS ASSIGNMENT UP, YOU'LL ALL JOIN THAT MEXICAN LIEUTENANT ON THE TREE!

GREAT GUNS! LEPORELLO IS WISE TO ME! HE KILLED DELCIO! I'D BETTER WORK FAST BEFORE THESE HOMBRES CATCH ON!



SO YOU WANT TO GO TO SLEEP, LEPORELLO? WELL, SWEET DREAMS...

WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF TAKING THIS DIAMOND BEFORE? SHE SPARKLES LIKE FIRE!

DON'T TAKE IT OFF! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME HERE! FOLLOW ME! WE'LL TAKE TURNS CARRYIN' LEPORELLO ON OUR SADDLES!



BUT, HANK, WHY MUST WE CARRY LEPORELLO WITH US? ALL WE WANT IS THE DIAMOND! WHY DON'T WE JUST FINISH HIM AND THROW HIM IN THE RIVER?

WE CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION—RAISE 'EM, DOGS!

T. THE RANGERS!



WE DIDN'T KILL LEPORELLO BECAUSE WE WANTED HIM FOR A TRIAL AND A PUBLIC HANGING! AS FOR HIS GANG, A SQUAD OF RANGERS IS BUSY MOPPING IT UP NOW! AND AS FOR HIS EIGHTEEN KARAT DIAMOND—YOU'RE IN FOR ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT, BOYS—IT'S NOT A DIAMOND, IT'S PURE GLASS!

LEPORELLO'S WAKING UP, CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN? GROAN! AND TO THINK I ASKED HIM TO BE OUR CAPTAIN!



LEPORELLO—LOOK! DO YOU SEE WHERE YOUR PRECIOUS DIAMOND IS HEADED?

N..NO! NO! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!



NO, LEPORELLO—IT'S WORTH TWO CENTS—JUST WHAT YOUR LIFE IS WORTH NOW!

ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN—YOU'VE GOT ME! PUT ME IN JAIL! I'LL REPENT, BUT DON'T HANG ME! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

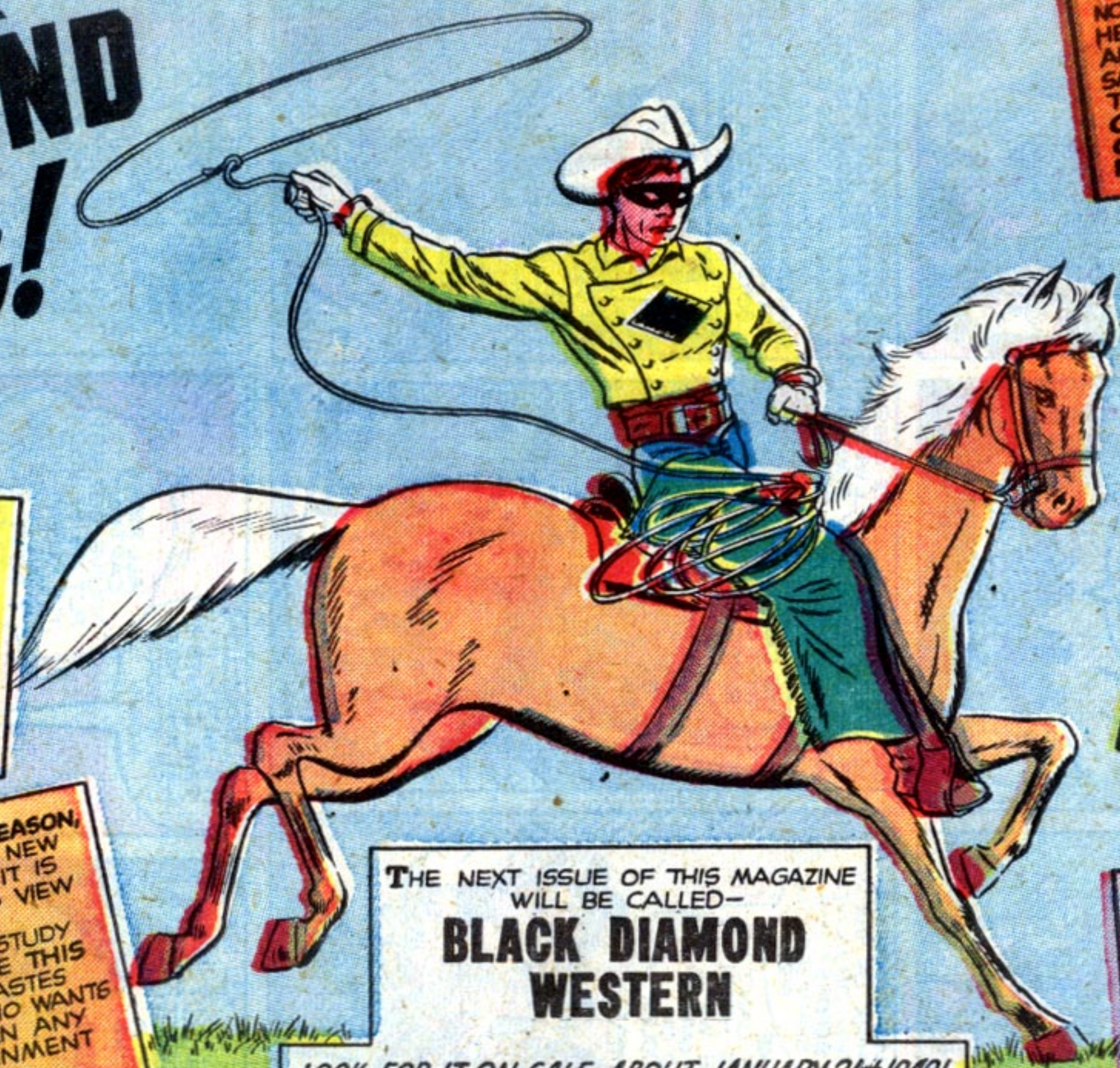


LEPORELLO WENT THROUGH THE TRAP AT NEWCOMB, ARIZONA, ON AUGUST 3, 1896—A CRINGING, HOWLING WRECK OF A COWARD, AND I SETTLED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER, MY BLOODY CAREER AT AN END! BUT SOMETIMES I THINK HOW APPROPRIATELY I ADORNED THE FINGER OF MURDERER LEPORELLO! FOR CRIMINALS LOVE ONLY THE FALSE AND, LIKE GLASS, ARE EASILY SHATTERED! THEY ARE DOOMED FROM THE BEGINNING LIKE ALL THAT IS FALSE—EVEN A RING IS ACCURSED!



THEN AS NOW—CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

THE BLACK DIAMOND IS COMING!



THE BLACK DIAMOND IS NOT JUST ANOTHER COWBOY HERO! HE WAS INSPIRED AND CONCEIVED WITH THE SAME FIRE AND IMAGINATION THAT GAVE YOU DAREDEVIL, CRIME DOES NOT PAY, BOY COMICS AND CRIME AND PUNISHMENT!

IT WOULD COST A MOVIE PRODUCER MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO SCREEN A STORY OF THIS MAGNITUDE, YET BLACK DIAMOND AND MANY OTHER STORIES PACKED WITH SUSPENSE, DRAMA AND ACTION IN THIS FULL-SIZE 52 PAGE MAGAZINE, WILL STILL COST ONLY A DIME!

WHAT MAKES A GREAT SUCCESS IN COMICS AS IN ANY OTHER FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT, IS A SUCCESSFUL COMBINATION OF EVERY ELEMENT NECESSARY IN ITS CREATION! THERE MUST BE FIRST, A GREAT STORY, IT MUST HAVE GREAT ARTWORK, GREAT ACTING, AND A GREAT CAST OF PERSONALITIES! THERE ARE OTHER FACTORS, TOO, SUCH AS GOOD PRINTING, GOOD ENGRAVING! THE FAILURE OF ANY OF THESE ELEMENTS CAN LESSEN THE DEGREE OF SUCCESS OF A FEATURE!
IN THE CASE OF THE BLACK DIAMOND, ALL ON THIS CREW BATTED A THOUSAND WHEN IT CREATED HIM!

IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT THE GLEASON, BIRD, WOOD TEAM CREATES A NEW FEATURE, BUT WHEN THEY DO, IT IS AN EVENT THAT COMPETITORS VIEW WITH GREAT INTEREST! TEN YEARS OF INTENSIVE STUDY AND EXPERIENCE HAVE MADE THIS TEAM SENSITIVE TO THE TASTES OF THE COMIC READER WHO WANTS MORE OUT OF COMICS THAN ANY OTHER FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT CAN GIVE HIM!

THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE WILL BE CALLED—
BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

LOOK FOR IT ON SALE ABOUT JANUARY 21st 1949!
THE NEXT ISSUE WILL INAUGURATE A PRIZE CONTEST WITH \$1,500 IN CASH! PRIZES! FIRST PRIZE, \$1,000! ALL THIS AND A THRILL-A-MINUTE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN, FORMERLY DESPERADO!

THE BLACK DIAMOND WILL BE A GREATER FIGHTER, A BETTER SHOT, A FASTER RIDER THAN ANY OTHER HERO THAT HAS RACED YOUR HEART, OR SAT YOU ON THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT!
WERE ALL THE WESTERN HEROES ALIVE, THEY WOULD ELECT BLACK DIAMOND AS THEIR LEADER, JUST AS YOU WILL!

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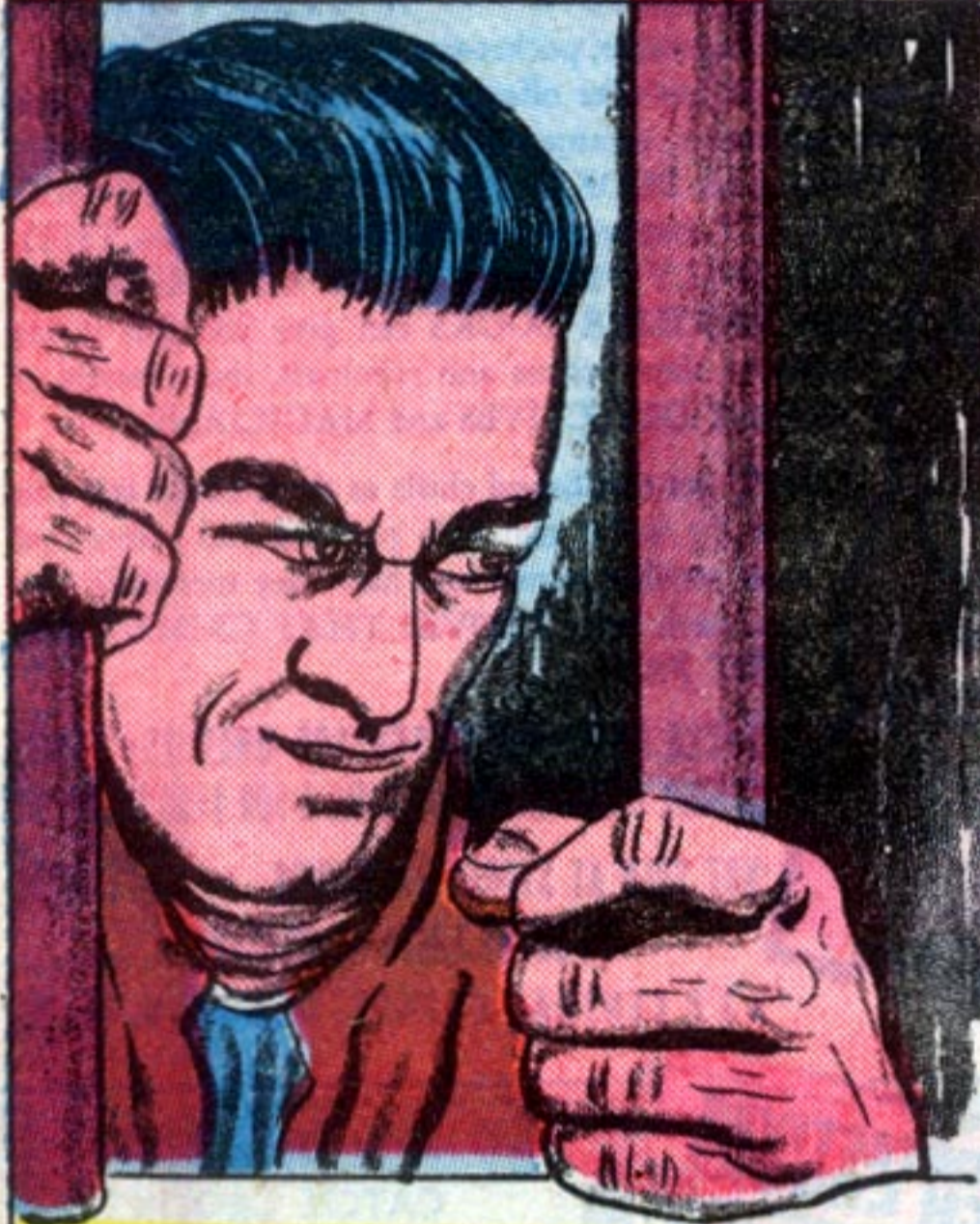
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OBEY THE LAW

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE
MOORE



"BUCKSKIN" FRANK MARRIED WIDOW GALEEN BUT HE SOON TIRED OF THE QUIET HOMELIFE - SO, TO CREATE A LITTLE EXCITEMENT, HE MADE HIS WIFE STAND AGAINST THE WALL WHILE HE DID SOME FANCY TARGET PRACTICE, OUTLINING HER FORM WITH BULLETS - ON ANOTHER OCCASION HE SHOT A TEA CUP FROM HER HAND AS SHE WAS SETTING THE TABLE - WIDOW GALEEN DIVORCED HIM, BUT QUICK!

S. C. BAGG, NEWSPAPER EDITOR, Tombstone, CRITICIZED A DECISION RENDERED BY JUDGE BARNES, WHO FINED BAGG \$500.00 FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT - HE REFUSED TO PAY THE FINE AND WAS THROWN IN JAIL, WHERE HE CONTINUED TO EDIT HIS PAPER FROM A CELL, FOR SEVERAL WEEKS - HIS FRIENDS FINALLY PAID THE FINE, BUT BAGG REFUSED TO LEAVE THE JAIL. THE SHERIFF FINALLY HAD TO THROW HIM OUT AND LOCK THE DOOR TO PREVENT HIS RETURNING!

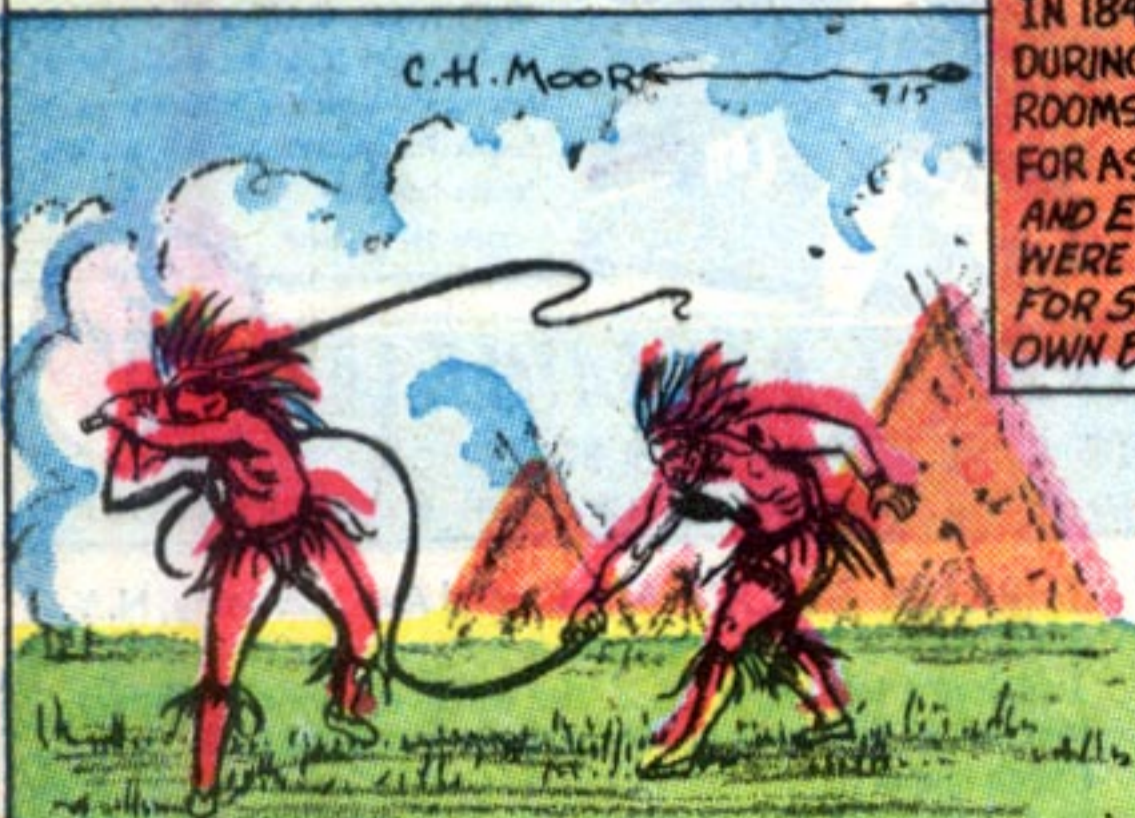
THE HOUSING PROBLEM IS NOT NEW!



IN 1849, DURING THE GOLD RUSH - ROOMS IN San Francisco RENTED FOR AS MUCH AS \$1000 A MONTH AND EVEN ROCKING CHAIRS WERE RENTED BY THE NIGHT FOR SLEEPING (BRING YOUR OWN BLANKET) \$10.00 A NIGHT

SOAP DISHES MADE OF HUMAN SKULLS

WERE USED BY THE COWBOYS OF A RANCH NEAR SKELETON CANYON WHERE HUNDREDS OF SKELETONS LITTERED THE GROUND - NO ONE KNOWS HOW THEY GOT THERE!



THE WHIP DANCE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS WAS PERFORMED BY TWO BRAVES WHO TOOK TURNS LASHING EACH OTHER WITH STINGING BULL WHIPS - A BRAVE WHO SHOWED ANY SIGNS OF PAIN OR DISCOMPOSURE WAS IN DISGRACE AND OFTEN BANISHED FROM THE TRIBE



NEUTRAL GROUND

FOR ALL THE HOSTILE AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES - THE RED PIPE-STONE QUARRY IN MISSISSIPPI PEACE PIPES AND SMOKING PIPES WERE MADE FROM THE RED STONES OF THIS QUARRY NO OTHER MATERIAL WAS EVER USED AND THIS TYPE OF STONE IS FOUND IN NO OTHER PLACE IN THE WORLD!

OBEY THE LAW



FOOLS' GOLD

THE TRAGIC TALE OF THREE COWARDLY FOOLS WHOSE GREEDY EMOTIONS LED THEM TO MISERY AND DEATH!



HOW CAN I SLEEP TONIGHT? MAYBE SLIM AN' HANDSOME JOE MADE UP TO KILL ME TO KEEP THE GOLD FOR THEMSELVES!

W-WHY ARE THEY LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT? MAYBE THEY'RE GOIN' TO GANG UP ON ME AN' SPLIT THE GOLD TWO WAYS? MAYBE THEY FIGURE I LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD... THAT I CAN'T PUT UP A FIGHT!

I DON'T TRUST EITHER OF THEM! THEY COULD JUMP ME DURIN' THE NIGHT! BUT I'M THE STRONGEST! I CAN GET BY ON LESS SLEEP! I'LL WAIT FOR THEM TO KEEL OVER! THEN I'LL HAVE ALL THE GOLD TO MYSELF!



ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

GOLD! A WORD THAT HAS MADE MEN LOSE THEIR REASON AND DRIVEN THEM TO DESPAIR... A WORD WHICH HAS INSPIRED GREED, DESPERATION, AND... MURDER! SOME STRONG MEN MUST STRUGGLE TO RESIST THE LURE OF THIS BEWITCHING METAL... SO HOW COULD THREE WEAK, COWARDLY MEN COMBAT THE SPELL OF MORE GOLD THAN ALL THE KINGS OF EGYPT COULD THROW TOGETHER IN ONE PILE? ONLY SPINE-CHILLING HORROR CAN COME OF A SITUATION WHEN PIGMY CREATURES STRUGGLE IN THE GRIP OF MONSTROUS EMOTIONS TOO POWERFUL TO CONTROL - GREEDY EMOTIONS, WHICH CAN ONLY LEAD TO DEATH!

ONE HOT AUGUST NIGHT IN 1879 - NEAR SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - FOUR MEN LURK IN THE SHADOWS OF A WATER TOWER...

YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO BUNGLE THIS JOB UNDERSTAND? I'VE STOOD ALL I CAN OF YOUR YELLOW-LIVERED FADEOUTS! IF YOU HIGH-TAIL IT OUT AGAIN, LIKE LAST WEEK, WHEN YOU LEFT ME FIGHTIN' A STAGE COACH FULL OF DEPUTY SHERIFFS, I'LL KILL THE LOT OF YOU, SO HELP ME!

IT WASN'T OUR FAULT, HANK! WE GOT OUR SIGNALS MIXED, THAT'S ALL!

THAT'S ALL? IT'S A MIRACLE I DIDN'T GET MY BRAINS BLOWN OUT WHILE YOU WERE RUNNING LIKE A PACK OF YELLOW RATS! IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE GUTS TO SEE A JOB THROUGH, DON'T HANG AROUND WITH ME! DIG YOURSELVES A HOLE AND PULL THE GROUND OVER YOUR HEAD! I'D BE A LOT BETTER OFF!

AW, HANK, DON'T GET SORE AT US! IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE! YOU KNOW WE'D SOONER CROAK THAN DESERT YOU!

ENOUGH OF THAT GIBBERISH! TONIGHT WILL TELL THE STORY! IF YOU CAN'T DO THIS JOB RIGHT, I'M KISSIN' YOU BUMS GOOD-BYE FOR GOOD! THERE'LL BE NO MISTAKES TONIGHT - GET ME? NOW GET OVER TO THE STATION AND KNOCK OFF THE CLERK! THE TRAIN'S DUE IN TWENTY MINUTES!

YOU'VE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT TONIGHT, HANK! READY, JOE?

SURE THING, SLIM! LET'S GO!



OBEY THE LAW

HANK'S IN A STEW TONIGHT! WE'D BETTER MAKE GOOD ON THIS JOB, OR HE'LL HAVE OUR HEADS!

HANK ONLY TALKS BIG! THE ONLY REASON HE'S GRIPED IS BECAUSE WE AIN'T STICKIN' OUR NECKS OUT FOR HIM! LET'S GET THIS JOB STRAIGHT! YOU TALK TO THE CLERK WHILE I SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM!

HI YA! CAN I SEND A TELEGRAM TO L.A.?

NOPE! TOO LATE! THE KEY'S CLOSED! THE WHOLE STATION'LL BE CLOSED TOO, JUST AS SOON AS THE 10:20 COMES IN! HMM... I'M A MINUTE SLOW!

I THINK I BETTER SET MY WATCH...

YOU WONT NEED THE RIGHT TIME WHERE YOU'PE GOIN', MISTER! START STRIPPIN', SLIM! CHANGE INTO HIS VEST AND EYE-SHADE!

TELL HANK I'M A CINCH TO GET INTO THE MAIL CAR!

OKAY, SLIM-SHOVE THE STIFF'S LEGS UNDER THE TABLE! THEY'RE SHOWIN'...

HOW'D IT GO?

PERFECT! ALL WE NEED NOW IS THE TRAIN!

WE'LL BE GETTIN' THAT SOON! I HEAR HER WHISTLIN' THROUGH THE VALLEY... TAKE YOUR POSITIONS! REMEMBER NO SLIP-UPS!

HERE SHE COMES! 10:20 ON THE BUTTON! IF THOSE DIM-WITS MESS THIS UP, I'LL KILL 'EM!

THERE'S SLIM COMIN' OUT WITH THE MAIL SACK...

WHAT IF T-THE MESSENGER REMEMBERS THE OTHER GUY? W-WHAT IF HE STARTS SHOOTIN'?

HERE'S YOUR MAIL!

W-WHAT'S HE STARIN' AT?

YOU AREN'T DAN BENTLY! DAN NEVER PACKED A GUN IN HIS LIFE... WHERE'S DAN? SPEAK UP, OR I START THROWIN' LEAD!

NO-NO! DON'T... BENTLY GOT SICK! I... I TOOK HIS PLACE FOR THE NIGHT!

COME CLOSER! I WANT A BETTER LOOK AT YOU! COME INTO THE LIGHT!

WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOIN' ON DOWN THERE? WHY DOESN'T THE FOOL SHOOT LIKE I TOLD HIM TO? DARN IT— HERE COMES THE FIREMAN! MAYBE IF I START SHOOTIN' THE IDIOT WILL REMEMBER WHAT TO DO!

ARGHH!

W-WHAT'S THAT?

BANG! BANG!

TROUBLE! I SMELLED IT THE MINUTE THIS PHONY WALKED OVER! COME HERE YOU—GET INSIDE, QUICK!

THEY'LL STRING ME UP FOR MURDER! NUTS TO THAT! I'LL RUN FOR IT!

THEY'RE ON TO US! RUN! RUN! ..YEOWW! M-MY ARM!

J-JAKE! GET GOIN'... THE JIG'S UP!

COME BACK, YOU BUMS!

THE YELLOW VARMINTS! THEY'RE RUNNIN' OUT ON ME AGAIN!

OBEY THE LAW

COME BACK, YOU YELLOW LICE! **COME BACK!** ALL RIGHT! YOU ASKED FOR IT... I SHOULD'VE DONE THIS BEFORE!

L-LOOK OUT, SLIM! HANK'S GONE LOCO! HE'S BLASTIN' AWAY AT US!

HE GOT ME IN THE ARM!

THAT GUY'S GONE CRAZY! HE'S FIRING AT HIS OWN MEN!

HE'S NO BETTER THAN THE REST! HE KILLED THE FIREMAN!

YOU'LL NEVER RUN OUT ON ME AGAIN! I'LL

U.S. MAIL

THIS BANDIT'S DEAD! HOW ABOUT THE OTHERS?

I HIT ONE OF 'EM, BUT HIS PALS HELPED HIM MOUNT! I'M AFRAID THEY GOT AWAY!

THEY'RE A ROTTEN CREW—POISON MEAN! DAN BENTLEY WAS SHOT IN THE BACK, AND JIM, THE FIREMAN, WAS CUT DOWN WITHOUT EVEN A WARNING!

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

HANK WAS RIGHT! SOME PEOPLE GOT NO BUSINESS HOLDIN' UP TRAINS AN' STAGES! NOT IF THEY FAINT AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF A GUN COMIN' UP IN THE OTHER GUY'S HAND—NOT MENTIONING ANY NAMES, OF COURSE!

YEAH? I DIDN'T SEE YOU WASTE ANY TIME MAKING YOURSELF SCARCE! AN' THERE WAS NO GUN AIMED AT YOUR BACK, EITHER!

YOU'RE BOTH LILY-LIVERED! I WOULD'VE STOOD MY GROUND IF YOU HADN'T STARTED YELLIN' TO MAKE A BREAK, JOE!

LET'S BUST UP AN' GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS! FRANKLY, I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF YOUR HOMELY MUGS!

BUSTIN' UP'S THE BEST IDEA I HEARD IN MONTHS! IT'LL BE LIKE GETTIN' RID OF TWO DEAD SKUNKS!

THAT'S NOTHING, COMPARED TO THE WAY I FEEL! WITH-OUT A COUPLE OF YELLOWBELLIES LIKE YOU DRAGGIN' ME DOWN LIKE DEAD-WEIGHT, I'LL GO PLACES! I KNOW HOW!

IT'S A DEAL! WE ALL TELL EACH OTHER TO GO PLUMB STRAIGHT TO THE DEVIL— BUT NOT TILL WE REACH THE BORDER! THERE MIGHT BE A POSSE AFTER US, AN' THREE LOUSY GUNMEN ARE ALWAYS BETTER THAN ONE LOUSY GUNMAN! SO LET'S STAND EACH OTHER'S FOUL ODOR AN' DEAD-WEIGHT FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS MORE...OKAY?

WHY NOT? HANGIN' AROUND WITH YOU BUZZARDS A FEW MORE DAYS WILL MAKE ME ALL THE GLADDER TO UNLOAD YOU! GOSH, THIS ARM IS REALLY BOTHERIN' ME!

I HOPE THERE'S A DOCTOR IN THIS TOWN! MY ARM'S GETTIN' WORSE!

WHY NOT CUT IT OFF? YOU WON'T MISS IT! IT'S ONLY YOUR GUN-LOADIN' HAND! JOE, COULD YOU STAND A DRINK?

COULD I STAND BEING A MILLIONAIRE? THERE'S A DESERT AHEAD OF US! WE WON'T SEE A SALOON FOR THREE DAYS! COME ON!

LAST CHANCE SALOON

SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH YOUR PARTNER?

YEAH! HE'S GOT ARTHRITIS! IT BOTHERS HIM SOMETHIN' AWFUL!

THERE'S BLOOD ON HIS ARTHRITIS!

YEAH! IT'S A FUNNY KIND OF ARTHRITIS! SEE THAT YOU DON'T WIND UP WITH THE SAME DISEASE ON YOUR FAT FACE!

THE NOSEY SLOBS! I OUGHTTA PUT A BULLET IN THEIR MEDDUN' FACES!

MAYBE WE WILL BEFORE WE LEAVE! AIN'T THERE NOBODY AROUND THIS SALOON BUT DRUNKS AN' OLD COOTS? MAYBE WE CAN STICK 'EM UP!

I DON'T N-NEED WHISKEY... I NEED A DOCTOR... GROAN... THE PAIN GETS WORSE EVERY MINUTE! IT'S P-POISONED INSIDE—I CAN FEEL THE ARM SWELL UP!

OBEY THE LAW

I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF HANK? THERE, NOW-THAT NEW BANDAGE MAKES IT BETTER, DOESN'T IT? SAY - I HOPE THEY GOT THE BUM! HE DESERVED IT!

THEY MUST'VE GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT! HE WASN'T EVEN MOUNTED! WHAT BEATSH-ME... >HICE IS WHY WE STOOD FOR HIS LOUSY BULLYIN'! WE SHOULD'VE BUSH-WACKED HIM LONG AGO!

YEAH! WE! WHY DIDN'T YOU WHACK HIM BY YOURSELF? YOU'RE JUST A DIRTY COWARD! YOU ALWAYS NEEDED HELP TO PULL A TRIGGER!

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN'! ARE YOU ANY BETTER? I WISH I HAD A DIME FOR EVERY TIME YOU'VE TURNED CHICKEN!

JOE, YOU BEEN RIDIN' ME TOO LONG! YOU'VE PICKED ON ME FOR THE LAST TIME! BUM ARM OR NO BUM ARM, I'LL BLOW YOUR HEART OUT! LET ME GO, JAKE - YOU AIN'T NO BETTER'N HIM! I'LL KILL YOU, TOO!

A BRAVE GUY YOU TURNED OUT TO BE, SLIM, WITH A QUART OF FIREWATER SLOSHIN' AROUND IN YOUR BELLY! YOU PUT THAT SIXER AWAY BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT! WE ONLY GOT TO LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS MORE!

THAT'S TWO DAYS TOO LONG FOR ME!

MAYBE SLIM'LL DO US A FAVOR AN' DIE OF GANGRENE .. HEY! W-WHAT'S THAT?

IT-IT MIGHT BE A SHERIFF!

THAT AIN'T NO SHERIFF!

BANG! BANG!

HAW! HAW! TAKE IT EASY, PARTNER! THEM SLUGS WENT INTO THE CEILIN'! NOBODY'S SITTIN' ON THE FLOOR UPSTAIRS, I HOPE! HAW, HAW! FUNNY IF SOMEONE WAS, EH, FELLERS? HAW, HAW!

JUST TURN THEM SHOOTIN' IRONS THE OTHER WAY, FELLERS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO DIE NOW...NOT AFTER THE WAY I STRUCK IT! STEP UP, FELLERS, AN' HAVE A DRINK ON OLE LARRY! A DRINK? HAVE A HUNDRED DRINKS! OLE LARRY STRUCK IT RICH! I GOT A GOLD MINE AS DEEP AN' WIDE AS AN' OCEAN! I CAN BUY EVERY MAN IN THE WORLD A DRINK EVERY DAY, FOR A MILLION DAYS!

YUP, FINALLY STRUCK IT RICH AFTER FORTY YEARS OF GRUBBIN' AROUND IN EVERY STATE AN' TERRITORY IN THE WEST, AN' COMIN' OUT WITH NUTHIN' BUT A HEAD-ACHE! ASK BLACKIE...BLACKIE, DID YOU EVER SEE ME COME IN WITH AN OUNCE OF GOLD DUST? COURSE NOT! CHURCH MICE WAS AS POOR AS ME... UP UNTIL YESTER-DAY, THAT IS! NOW I GOT ENOUGH ON MY PACK MULES TO BUY UP CHICAGO AND 'FRISCO COMBINED!

THAT'S SWELL, LARRY! WHAT'LL IT BE... WHISKEY OR BOURBON?

BOURBON! AN' LEAVE THE BOTTLE AT MY ELBOW, BLACKIE! FOUND ME A MINE THAT'S TWO MILES DEEP WITH SOLID GOLD! WHAT I GOT ON THEM PACK MULES OUTSIDE WAS JUST TICKLIN' THE SURFACE! SEE THIS MAP? THERE'S THE PROOF! IT SHOWS YOU EXACTLY WHERE IT IS!

GENTLEMEN, TO YOUR HEALTH! MAY YOU STRIKE IT RICH A DARN SIGHT SOONER THAN I DID!

D'YA THINK HE'S ON THE LEVEL, OR JUST CRACKED?

I DUNNO - MAYBE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HIS MULES!

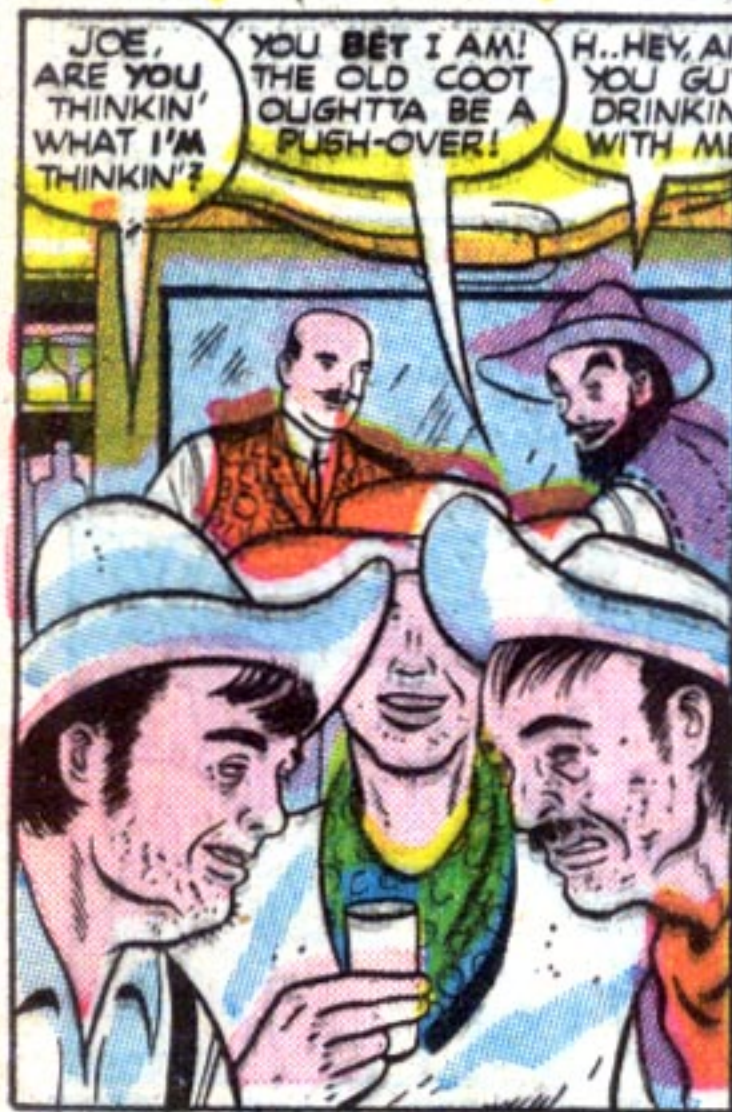
TARAMULA JUICE 5¢

THERE THEY ARE - AN' THEY'RE PACKED!

IF THEY'RE PACKED WITH GOLD, LIKE HE SAYS, HE WASN'T EXAGGERATIN' WHAT HE COULD BUY WITH IT!

A GUY'D BE CRAZY TO LOAD MULES UP LIKE THAT IF THERE WASN'T SOMETHIN' WORTHWHILE ON 'EM!

OBEY THE LAW



JOE, ARE YOU THINKIN' WHAT I'M THINKIN'?

YOU BET I AM! THE OLD COOT OUGHTTA BE A PUSH-OVER!

H..HEY, AIN'T YOU GUYS DRINKIN' WITH ME?



NO, THANKS! WE GOTTA BE ON OUR WAY, OLD TIMER—GOT A LONG WAY TO RIDE! SOME OTHER TIME, OLD TIMER!

YEAH! WE GOTTA MAKE YUMA BY THE END OF THE WEEK!

HERE—TAKE A BOTTLE WITH YOU—COMPLIMENTS OF OL' LARRY!



AH, HERE COME SOME REAL GUZZLERS! FILL UP ON ME, BOYS! DRINK UP THE WHOLE SALOON! I CAN AFFORD IT! OL' LARRY STRUCK IT RICH AFTER FORTY YEARS!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS, LARRY, BUT WE'RE FLUSH, TOO! JUST GIVE US A RAIN CHECK! OKAY, OLD TIMER?

WHISKEY, BLACKIE!



AIN'T THAT A SHAME? ENOUGH GOLD ON MY MULES TO BUY UP TH' COUNTRY, AN' THEY WON'T EVEN LET ME BUY 'EM A DRINK!

HOW'LL WE DO IT?

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM WHEN HE LEAVES—THEN KILL HIM WHEN HE GETS OUTSIDE THE TOWN—AN' JUST KEEP ON GOIN' WITH THE GOLD!



LIFE'S FUNNY! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS—A STRIKE LIKE THIS COMES ALONG! WE CAN RETIRE LIKE MILLIONAIRES!

BUT IT'S COMIN' AN' SO'S THE OLD MAN! WE'LL TRAIL HIM FOR A COUPLE MORE MILES—THEN, WHEN IT'S REAL DARK, DRY-GULCH TH' OLD BUZZARD!

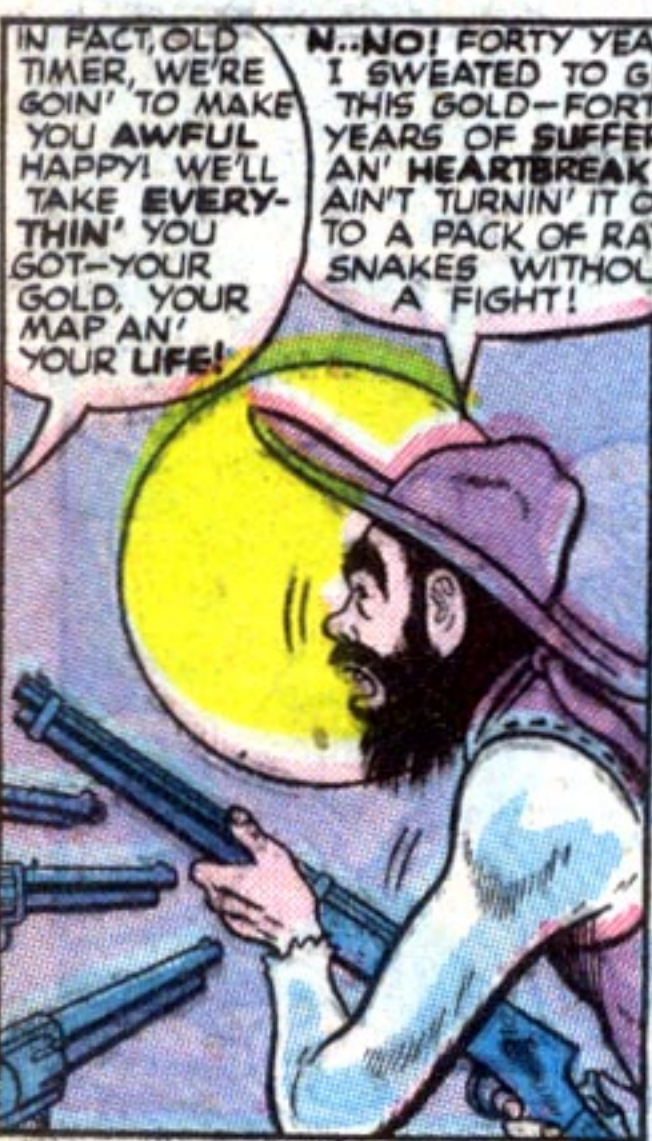
WE AIN'T GOT THE GOLD YET!



HI, THERE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY TO YUMA!

WE WAS, BUT SOMETHIN' CHANGED OUR MINDS! WE ACTED IMPOLITE IN THE SALOON! YOU KEPT OFFERIN' US DRINKS AN' WE KEPT TURNIN' 'EM DOWN! THAT WASN'T SOCIABLE OF US!

THAT'S WHY WE CAME BACK, TO SHOW YOU WE DON'T MIND TAKIN' THINGS FROM YOU, OLD TIMER!



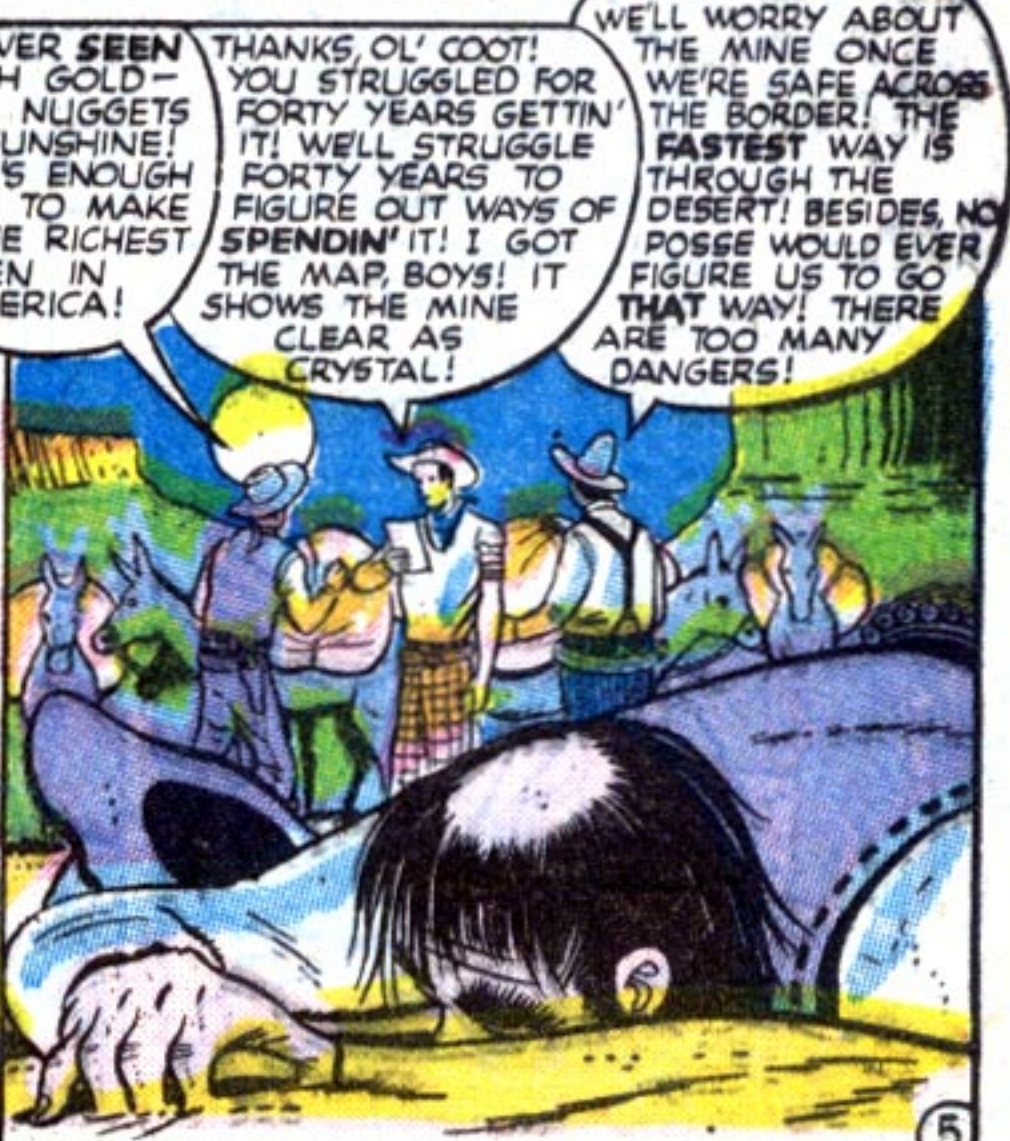
IN FACT, OLD TIMER, WE'RE GOIN' TO MAKE YOU AWFUL HAPPY! WE'LL TAKE EVERYTHIN' YOU GOT—YOUR GOLD, YOUR MAP AN' YOUR LIFE!

N..NO! FORTY YEARS I SWEATED TO GET THIS GOLD—FORTY YEARS OF SUFFERIN' AN' HEARTBREAK! I AIN'T TURNIN' IT OVER TO A PACK OF RATTLE-SNAKES WITHOUT A FIGHT!



SURE, OLD TIMER—G'WAN AN' FIGHT! WE LOVE FIGHTS—ESPECIALLY FAIR FIGHTS!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!



I NEVER SEEN SUCH GOLD—SOLID NUGGETS OF SUNSHINE! THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO MAKE US THE RICHEST MEN IN AMERICA!

THANKS, OL' COOT! YOU STRUGGLED FOR FORTY YEARS GETTIN' IT! WE'LL STRUGGLE FORTY YEARS TO FIGURE OUT WAYS OF SPENDIN' IT! I GOT THE MAP, BOYS! IT SHOWS THE MINE CLEAR AS CRYSTAL!

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THE MINE ONCE WE'RE SAFE ACROSS THE BORDER! THE FASTEST WAY IS THROUGH THE DESERT! BESIDES, NO POSSE WOULD EVER FIGURE US TO GO THAT WAY! THERE ARE TOO MANY DANGERS!

OBEY THE LAW

THIS ARM'S BOTHERIN' ME BAD! IF I DON'T GET TO A DOC QUICK I'LL LOSE IT!

SO WHAT? YOU GOT ENOUGH HERE TO BUY A HUNDRED ARMS!

BETTER STILL, SLIM MIGHT CROAK AN' LEAVE US ALL THE DOUGH! HA! HA!

SHUT UP! THAT AIN'T NO JOKE TO ME! DON'T GET NO FUNNY IDEAS THAT I'M GOING TO DO YOU TWO COWARDS A FAVOR AN' CROAK FOR YOU! I'LL SEE THAT YOU CROAK, BOTH OF YOU, BEFORE I... HEY!

TAKE IT EASY, SLIM! NOBODY'S CUTTIN' YOU OUT OF NOTHIN'! JUST DON'T GO LOCO OR MAYBE SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU!

FUNNY, THE WAY SLIM FLARED UP! IT MIGHT BE HIS GANGRENE, OR HE MIGHT BE NURSIN' A BEE IN HIS BONNET! I GET A TICKLISH FEELIN' WHEN MY BACK'S TURNED TO HIM! HE HATES MY GUTS SO MUCH HE MIGHT GET A NOTION TO BLOW 'EM OUT!

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, JAKE! HE MIGHT'VE THROWN LEAD IF I HADN'T CAUGHT HIM WITH MY WHIP!

WHAT'RE THEY WHISPERIN' ABOUT? MAYBE THEY'RE PLANNIN' TO KILL ME!

THINGS'D BE A LOT SIMPLER WITH SLIM OUT OF THE WAY! WE'D BE SURE HE WOULDN'T KILL US AN' THE GOLD COULD BE CUT ONLY TWO WAYS!

I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY! I NEVER LIKED SLIM! WE'LL BLAST HIM TONIGHT-WHILE HE'S SLEEPIN'!

I'VE GOT TO WATCH MYSELF! JAKE HATES ME ENOUGH TO KILL ME, EVEN WITHOUT THE EXTRA GOLD HE'D GET OUT OF IT!

SLIM - I'M TIRED! SOS JOE! I DON'T HAVE TO ASK YOU IF YOU'D LIKE TO REST AWHILE! I KNOW THAT ARM'S BEEN GIVIN' YOU THE MISERIES! WE CAN ALL STAND A FOUR HOUR REST-THEN PUSH ON AT DAWN!

IT'S OKAY BY ME!

THEY WANT TO KILL ME! I CAN TELL BY THE WAY THEY'RE SMILIN' AT ME... PROBABLY FIGGERING ON JUMPIN' ME WHILE I SLEEP! WELL, THEY'LL GET A SURPRISE!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON, CLARK? I HEARD SOMEBODY WAS FOUND SHOT, UP THE ROAD A PIECE!

SHOT DEAD, BLACKIE! AN' YOU'D NEVER GUESS WHO IT WAS - POOR OLD LARRY!

OLD LARRY? WHY WOULD ANY KILL CRA? OLD FOOL, LARRY MIGHT'VE BEEN CUCKOO, BUT HE NEVER DONE NOBODY NO HARM!

"NOBODY THAT KNEW HIM, Y'MEAN! BUT WHAT IF SOME OUTLAWS DIDN'T KNOW LARRY WAS MAD AS A HOOT OWL... THAT EVERY YEAR 'BOUT THIS TIME LARRY COMES TO TOWN YELLIN' HE'S MADE A GOOD STRIKE, WHEN THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' ON HIS PACK MULES BUT FOOLS' GOLD!"

THE WAY IT LOOKS TO ME, SHERIFF - LARRY WAS DRY-GULCHED BY SOME RATS WHO TOOK LARRY'S FOOLS' GOLD FOR REAL GOLD AN' KILLED HIM FOR IT!

THEY ALSO TOOK HIS MAP, SHERIFF! I WAS IN BLACKIE'S SALOON WHEN HE BOASTED ABOUT THE MINE HE'D FOUND!

ARE YOU SAYIN' THREE NUMBSKULLS KILLED LARRY, THINKIN' HIS STRIKE WAS GENUINE?

RIGHT! AN' THE SHERIFF IS GETTIN' UP A POSSE TO GET THE MURDERERS! THE RATS WERE DUMB ENOUGH TO KILL AN IMBECILE WHO AIN'T BEEN ABLE TO TELL FOOLS' GOLD FROM THE REAL MCCOY IN FORTY YEARS, AND THEY'RE JUST CRAZY ENOUGH TO TRY GETTIN' ACROSS THE DESERT WITH A MULEPACK-LOAD OF ROCKS!

ARE YOU SURE SLIM'S SLEEPIN'?

POSITIVE! THAT SNORIN'S A GO-AHEAD SIGNAL! YOU WAIT HERE, HANDSOME! I DON'T NEED HELP ON THIS JOB!

ZZZZ... I SURE FOOLED 'EM WITH THIS SNORIN'! COME ON, JAKE, I GOT SOME EXTRA METAL FOR YOU! ONLY IT'S LEAD, NOT GOLD!

OBEY THE LAW

I AIN'T EVEN GOIN' TO WARN YOU, JAKE! IT'S GOIN' TO HAPPEN SUDDEN-LIKE... THE WAY YOU PLANNED IT FOR ME!

WELL, SLIM, I CAN'T SAY IT WAS NICE KNOWIN' YA!

KEEP SMILIN', JAKE... THAT'S A NICE WAY TO DIE!

THOUGHT YOU'D DRY-GULCH ME, DIDN'T YOU? THOUGHT I'D GO TO SLEEP WITH TWO HYENAS WAITIN' TO PLUG ME? I FOOLED JAKE RIGHT PROPER! NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

N-NO, SLIM! I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! T-THE SHOTS WOKE ME UP! IF JAKE TRIED TO DRY-GULCH YOU, IT WAS ALL HIS OWN IDEA!

JAKE WAS CRAZY TO TRY TO SHOOT YOU, SLIM! THERE'S ENOUGH GOLD HERE FOR A HUNDRED MEN! WHY SHOULD WE GUN EACH OTHER AN' RUN THE RISK OF DYIN'? IT'D BE CRAZY, SLIM... CRAZY!

THIS AIN'T THE TIME TO SHOOT HIM! I'LL WAIT!

OKAY, JOE-SHAKE, PARTNER! LET'S SHOVE OFF! A POSSE MIGHT BE TRALIN' US!

JAKE WAS CRAZY TO S-SUGGEST THE DESERT! T-THIS SUN'S KILLIN' ME... IT'S ROASTIN' ME ALIVE... CAN'T WE GET OUT OF IT?

MAYBE I WON'T HAVE TO KILL JOE! MAYBE THE SUN WILL DO THE JOB FOR ME! JOE NEVER COULD STAND THE HEAT OR SUN... MAYBE IF HE'S OUT IN IT LONG ENOUGH, HE'LL GET SUNSTROKE!!

PEEL OFF YOUR SHIRT, JOE! YOU'LL BE COOLER THAT WAY! THERE'S NO TURNING BACK - WE'RE HALFWAY THROUGH THE DESERT!

THEM BUZZARDS DON'T WASTE MUCH TIME ON A FELLER! DON'T KNOW HIM WELL ENOUGH TO IDENTIFY HIM BY HIS BONES... BUT HIS CLOTHIN' IS A CLUE! HE'S ONE OF THE BUMS BLACKIE SAW IN THE SALOON THE DAY LARRY WHOOPED IN, YELLIN' ABOUT HIS BILLION DOLLAR GOLD STRIKE! PROBABLY ONE OF THE BUM'S PALS LET HIM HAVE IT!

IF IT WASN'T SO TRAGIC, I'D LAUGH! KILLIN' EACH OTHER OVER A CRAZY MAN'S FOOLS' GOLD!

S-SLIM... I CAN'T GO ON - I-I'M CROAKIN'... GASP! THE HEAT'S GOT ME... M-MY HEAD'S ON FIRE!

THIS'S PERFECT! IN AN HOUR HE'LL BE A RAVIN' LUNATIC... THEN HE'LL PASS OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

YOU CAN'T STOP, JOE! THERE'S A POSSE BEHIND US... STOPPIN' IS JUST INVITIN' 'EM TO KILL US!

I-I DON'T CARE! I CAN'T GO ON, SLIM! I'M ROASTIN' ALIVE... BE A PAL, SLIM... LET ME REST A WHILE... YOU GO ON WITH... GASP! THE MULES... I'LL CATCH UP AFTER I'VE RESTED AN HOUR OR SO..

SURE THING, JOE! YOU JUST LIE DOWN AN' MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE! I'M HEADIN' STRAIGHT INTO THE SUN - YOU CATCH UP WHEN YOU'RE GOOD AN' READY!

HA-HA! THE FOOL WILL NEVER PICK HIMSELF OFF THE SAND! HE'S HALF GONE NOW...

JOE WAS RIGHT! WHAT IF I DO LOSE THE ARM? WHO WOULDN'T LOSE TWO ARMS FOR WHAT I GOT IN THEM PACKS? AN' I AIN'T FORGETTIN' THE OLD COOT'S MINE, EITHER!

IT WORKED! THE SMART GUY OUT-WITTED HIMSELF! HE FELL FOR THAT SUNSTROKE. LINE JUST AS I FIGGERED HE WOULD! STEADY, NOW - I CAN'T MISS!

I DIDN'T MISS! THE GOLD IS MINE! MINE! MINE! I'M A MILLIONAIRE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

OBEDY THE LAW

D-DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSIN'...! GROANE Y-YOU, FOOLED ME... Y-YOU WEREN'T DYIN' OF S-SUN-STROKE...

NO, SLIM! I AIN'T DYIN' NOHCW! I AIN'T SORRY FOR YOU, EITHER! YOU WOULD'VE DONE THE SAME TO ME!

THANK ME FOR ENDIN' YOUR MISERIES, SLIM! THANK ME FOR SAVIN' YOU FROM BEIN' EATEN ALIVE BY THE VULTURES! YOU GOT A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR, SLIM! SO LONG, SLIM-I'LL BE SEEN' YA!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

NOT ONLY DO I COLLECT HIS GOLD, BUT HIS WATER! AHHA... GOOD! I NEEDED THIS! H-HEY, YOU, HORSE-DON'T KEEL OVER ON ME! I GOT TWO HUNDRED MILES OF DESERT TO GET THROUGH!

DEAD! THE HEAT GOT HIM! AND THIRST! NO WATER FOR DAYS!.. BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT NOW! I'VE GOT SLIM'S HORSE TO RIDE! SLIM WAS LIGHTER THAN ME... HIS HORSE CAN'T BE IN AS BAD CONDITION AS MINE!

HMM... THEM MULES DON'T LOOK ANY TOO HAPPY EITHER, WITH ALL THAT WEIGHT 'ON 'EM!

DARN THIS HEAT! IT'S GETTIN' SLIM'S HORSE, TOO! EVERY STEP HE TAKES GETS SLOWER AN' SLOWER! AN' THEM DUMB MULES - THEY DON'T CARE IF THEY LIE DOWN AN' DIE! GET GOIN', YOU CRITTERS OR I'LL LASH THE SKIN OFF YOUR SMELLY HIDES!

THE SUN IS GETTIN' ME, TOO.. I FEEL WHOOZY..

I.. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'... I NEVER DID HAVE A GOOD SENSE OF DIRECTION! THIS DARN SUN-IT'S COOKIN' ME ALIVE!

WHOA, HORSE-NO! NO! DON'T GO DOWN!

NOW I'LL HAVE TO RIDE ONE OF THE MULES! THEY LOOK ALL DONE IN, BUT! THEY CAN'T LET ME DOWN!

I'LL SWITCH SOME OF THE GOLD TO THE OTHER MULES! THAT'LL LIGHTEN THE LOAD ON MINE...

WELL, THERE LIES NUMBER TWO, SURROUNDED BY VULTURES! THE SUN DIDN'T GET HIM, EITHER! HE WAS MURDERED, LIKE THE OTHER ONE!

THE WAY THEY'RE KILLIN' EACH OTHER, YOU'D THINK IT WAS FOR SOMETHIN'! IT SERVES 'EM RIGHT, THE POLECATS! THEY FOOLED THEMSELVES GOOD THIS TIME! LET'S REST UP A BIT AN' BE ON OUR WAY!

T-THIS SUN'S AWFUL...! IT'S EVEN GOT THE MULES! THIS'S THE SECOND ONE TO DIE IN AN HOUR!

IT'S A CINCH THE CRITTERS WON'T MAKE BETTER TIME WITH THIS EXTRA GOLD ON THEIR BACKS! GASPE G-GOSH-I'M SO WEAK I CAN HARDLY LIFT THE BAGS! BUT I GOTTA! I CAN'T LEAVE A MILLION IN GOLD LYIN' ON THE DESERT!

OBEY THE LAW

F-FOR ALL I KNOW, I M-MIGHT BE TRAVELLING IN A CIRCLE! HOW CAN I KNOW W-WHERE I'M HEADED, WHEN I'M SO WHOOZY? I'LL DROP DEAD WITH THIS HEAT... GROAN... TURN IT OFF! I'M BROILING ALIVE! TURN IT OFF!

YEOWWW! DARN YA, YA BLASTED CRITTER!

GROAN... I... I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE... WATER GONE... STRENGTH GONE... MULES DYING... GASP!

BUT I GOTTA GO ON... I GOTTA! IF I S-STAND STILL, I'M A GONER! I WON'T RIDE A BURRO THIS TIME... I'LL WALK... THEY'LL LAST LONGER!

OKAY... WE MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED! THE LAST OF 'EM IS TRAVELLIN' SLOW, BUT WE DON'T WANT HIM TO GET FURTHER AHEAD OF US!

LOOK, SHERIFF! WE GAINED ON HIM BY STANDIN' STILL! HE'S RIGHT OVER YONDER!

THE LAST OUTLAW! THE LOCOWEED TRAVELLED AROUND IN A COMPLETE CIRCLE!

HANDS UP, PARTNER! YOU AIN'T GOIN' NO FURTHER! DROP YOUR GUNBELT, OR WE'LL DROP YOU!

T-THE POSSE! THEY'RE STANDIN' W-WHERE I PLUGGED SLIM! GASP! I WALKED IN A COMPLETE CIRCLE!

Y-YOU AIN'T TAKIN' ME ALIVE! I AIN'T GIVIN' UP NO FORTUNE WITHOUT FIGHTIN'! NOT AFTER WHAT I'VE GONE THROUGH TO KEEP IT!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! HE'S BEGGIN' FOR IT! DROP HIM!

OHNH! WE GOT HIM!

BANG!

BANG!

THE POOR, MURDERIN' FOOL! HE'D HAVE DIED OF SUNSTROKE IF HE HAD GONE MUCH FURTHER! HMMM... HERE'S THE MAP HE STOLE FROM LOCO LARRY!

I'M CURIOUS ABOUT THAT FOOLS' GOLD LARRY BROUGHT BACK! I WANT TO SEE IF IT'S ROCKS OR CLAY!

MIGOSH! HOLY JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT! CATCH ME! I'M GOIN' TO FAINT! THOSE BAGS ARE FULL OF SOLID GOLD NUGGETS! LOCO LARRY WASN'T LOCO! HE STRUCK IT RICH!

IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE! FOR FORTY YEARS LARRY'S BEEN BRINGIN' IN FOOLS' GOLD! HE COULDN'T HAVE MADE A STRIKE! BUT HE DID, SHERIFF! LOOK AT THIS STUFF FOR YOURSELF!

T-THEN LARRY'S MAP IS THE REAL MCCOY! IT'S A GENUINE, HONEST-TO-GODNESS 'GOLD MINE!

NOT ONLY THAT, SHERIFF! LOOK WHAT LARRY WROTE ON THE BACK OF THE MAP! "IN CASE I DIE, I WANT MY MINE AND GOLD TO BE USED TO SUPPORT A HOME FOR OLD PROSPECTORS LIKE MYSELF, WHO SEARCHED, BUT DID NOT FIND... LOCO LARRY!" LOCO LARRY WAS NO FOOL AFTER ALL!

NOPE! THE ONLY FOOLS WERE THE THREE MURDERIN' LICE WHO DESTROYED THEMSELVES OUTTA GREED!

THE END

Genuine TORCAN

ELECTRIC MOTOR Only \$5.95



You can use this husky practical motor in dozens of ways. Hook it up to small lathes, mechanical toys, saws or buffing wheels. Make your own phonograph turntable, rig up a drink mixer for milk shakes. It's one of the handiest, most practical motors to come on the market in years.

Comes to you all ready to plug in and use. Nothing to assemble; no trouble or bother. Just plug it in, turn switch and watch it hum. This precision engineered induction motor develops 1/25 horsepower. Turns with full load at 1500 r.p.m.'s; without load at 1750 r.p.m.'s.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

Finished in black wrinkle paint, complete with switch, step-down pulley, mounting brackets and a six foot cord and plug. Motor has self-oiling bearings and will run without further oiling for its full lifetime. It is abso-

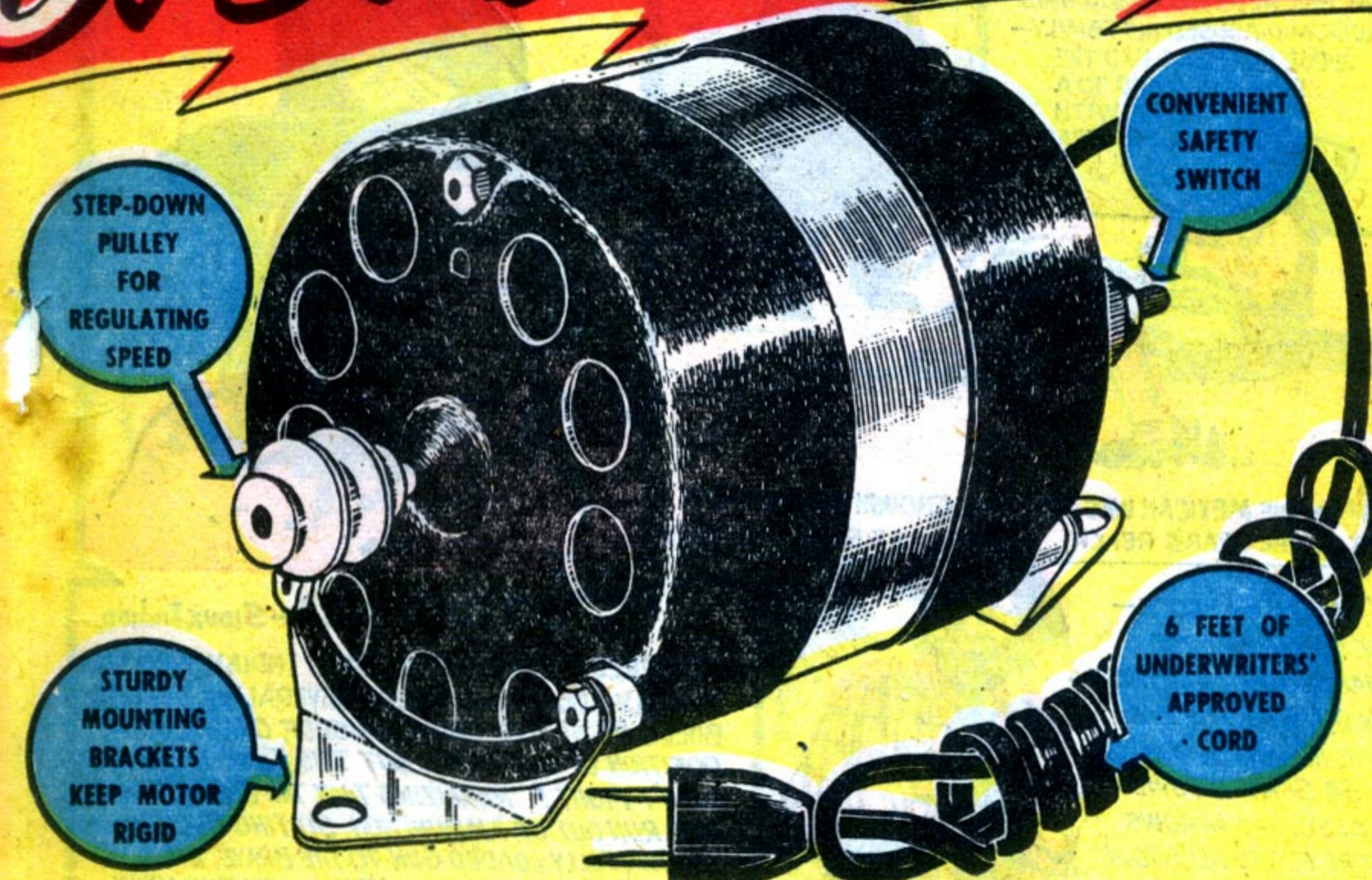
lutely silent in operation and will cause no radio interference.

Operates on 60 cycle current at 110-120 volts. Put it to work in any home that has AC current. It is strong, sturdy, dependable. Fun to own and operate.

WHAT THIS MOTOR WILL DO

There are thousands of uses for this motor in and around your home workshop, your kitchen or playroom. Use it to operate small bandsaws, buffing wheels, lathes or electric fans. Hook it up to mechanical toys, milkshake, drink mixers or beaters. Will run winders for knitting wool, small bobbins for weaving, phonograph or other turntables. Wherever you want smooth, steady power, this motor will supply it.

It is not for sale in stores. Cannot be purchased anywhere else in the United States. We send it to you for only \$5.95 postpaid. Cut out the coupon, fill in your name and address and send your order today. This genuine Torcan motor—a husky, practical, helpful, electric motor that you will use for years—will come right to your home. Get your coupon in the mail—now.



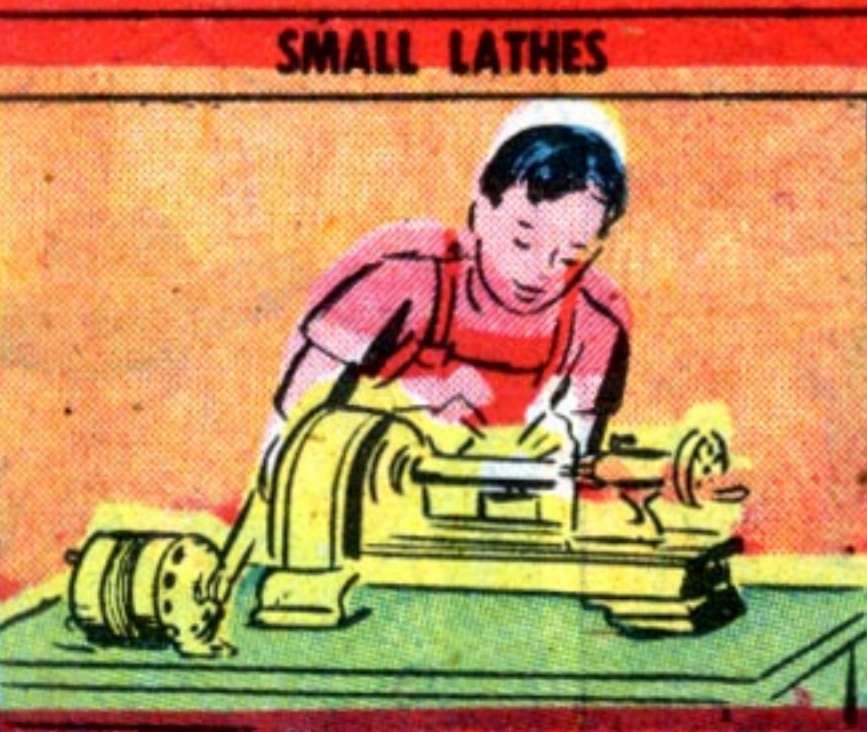
NOW you can get the kind of electric motor you have always needed and wanted. This is the kind of bargain you may never see again. So send now. Use this Coupon. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Send check or money order.

GET YOUR MOTOR NOW!
This Coupon Will Bring It to You!

Don't be disappointed. Don't delay. This motor at \$5.95 is a bargain that may not last. Now, while you can still get it at this low price, let us send it to you. Use the coupon; be sure to fill in correct name and address. And get the coupon in the mail—right away.



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SMALL LATHES



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Gentlemen:
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Torcan Electric Motors @ \$5.95 each. Please rush to me at once.
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SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE MOORE

A POOR MEXICAN WOMAN COMPLAINED TO JUDGE ROY BEAN THAT HER HUSBAND WAS ALWAYS DRUNK AND ABUSED HIS FAMILY— JUDGE ROY BEAN HAD THE DRUNK CHAINED TO A POST WITH A BIG BEAR.

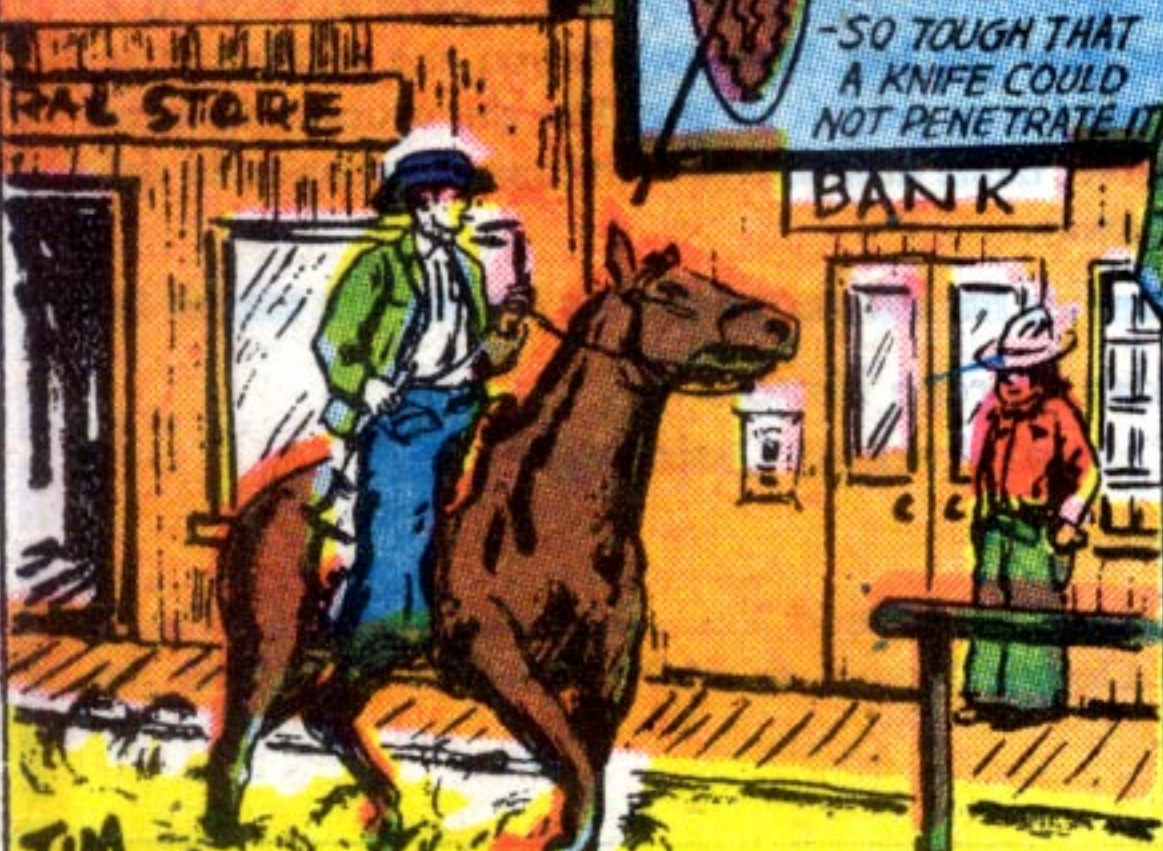


THE CHAIN ON THE MEXICAN WAS JUST LONG ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM OUT OF THE BEAR'S REACH — HE SOBERED QUICKLY

"GABBY" BABCOCK— ONE OF THE BIGGEST LIARS OF THE OLD WEST— TOLD A STORY OF THE TIME HE WAS SURROUNDED BY 50 SIOUX INDIANS— BULLETS AND ARROWS WERE FLYING ALL AROUND — THE INDIANS CLOSED IN— "WHAT HAPPENED THEN?" ASKED A LISTENER— "WHY, THEY KILLED ME," REPLIED BABCOCK



THE INDIAN WAR SHIELD WAS MADE OF BUFFALO-HIDE — SO TOUGH THAT A KNIFE COULD NOT PENETRATE IT



JIM COULTS — BANKER AND SHARPSHOOTER of Weatherford, Texas WAS SUCH A GOOD SHOT THAT EVEN SAM BASS AND HIS GANG OF BANK ROBBERS DECIDED NOT TO ROB HIS BANK WHEN THEY SAW COULTS STANDING BY THE DOOR!



CHIEF SITTING BULL— Sioux Indian—

CORNERED A LONE ENEMY CROW INDIAN WHO HAD BRAVELY FOUGHT AND KILLED SEVERAL OF SITTING BULL'S MEN! THE CHIEF, HIMSELF, CHARGED THE POSITION OF THE INDIAN BUT THIS TIME THE ENEMY DIDN'T FIGHT! REALIZING THAT THE CROW INDIAN HAD RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION, SITTING BULL TOSSED HIS OWN FULLY LOADED GUN TO THE BRAVE, THEN RUSHED BACK TO HIS OWN MEN — ON THE NEXT ATTACK THE INDIAN WAS KILLED AND SITTING BULL WAS WOUNDED BY A BULLET FROM HIS OWN GUN WHICH HE HAD LOANED TO HIS ENEMY!

C.H. MOORE



GEORGE AKER (A PAID KILLER — FROM OUT-OF-TOWN) STRUCK UP A CONVERSATION WITH A LOCAL COWBOY AND TOLD HIM HE WAS HIRED TO KILL SHERIFF STEWART — HE OFFERED THE COWBOY \$100 TO HELP HIM — AND WAS GREATLY SURPRISED TO FIND OUT THAT THE LOCAL COWBOY WAS SHERIFF STEWART!

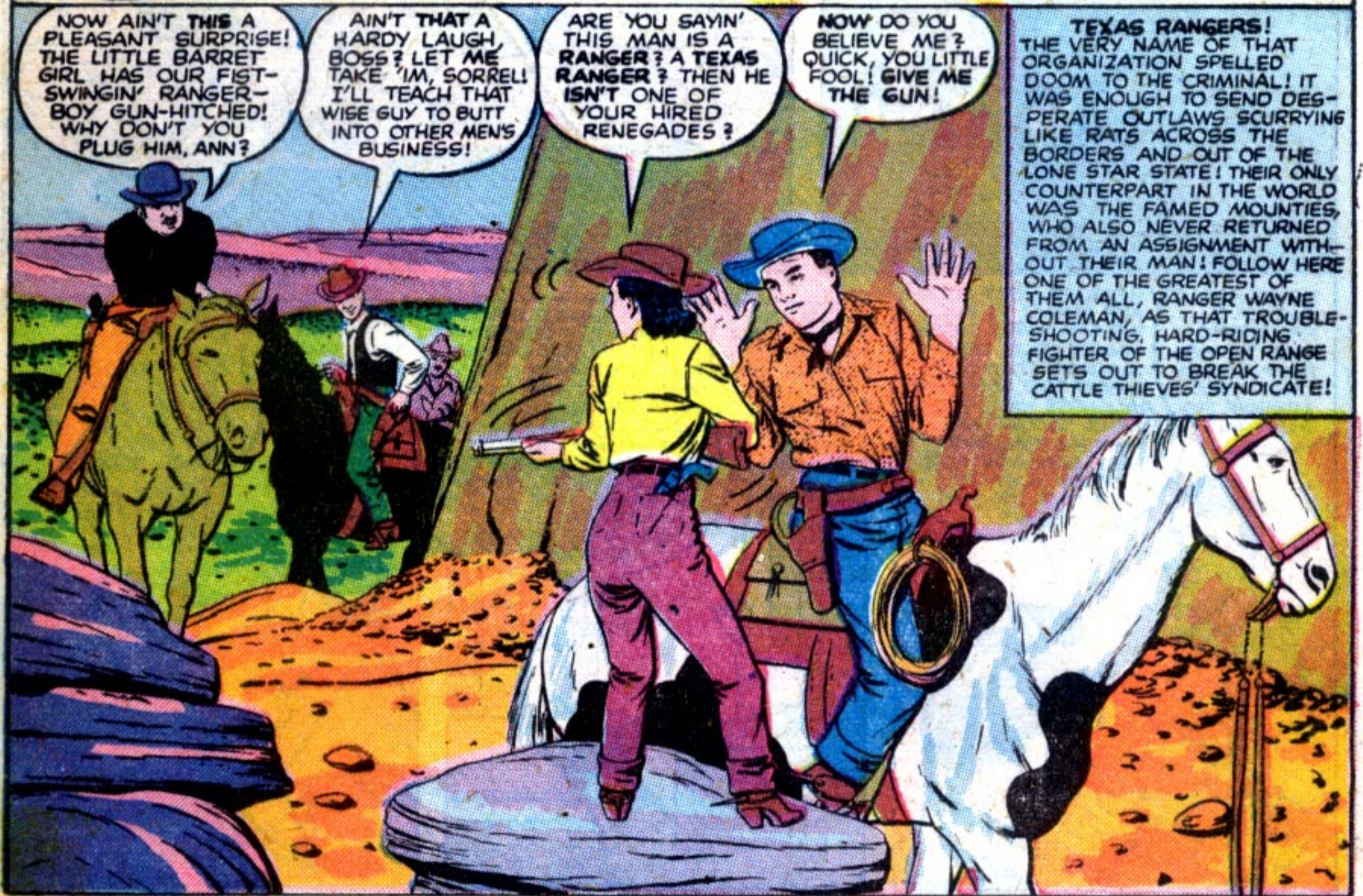


OBEY THE LAW

HOW ONE MAN'S BRAVERY HELPED CHANGE THE HISTORY OF THE OLD WEST!

A TRUE WILD WEST STORY

BUT IT TOOK MORE THAN THAT TO CHALLENGE THE MUZZLES OF A DOZEN NOTCHED PISTOLS AND STILL COME OUT ON TOP!



NOW AIN'T THIS A PLEASANT SURPRISE! THE LITTLE BARRET GIRL HAS OUR FIST-SWINGIN' RANGER-BOY GUN-HITCHED! WHY DON'T YOU PLUG HIM, ANN?

AIN'T THAT A HARDY LAUGH, BOSS? LET ME TAKE 'IM, SORRELL! I'LL TEACH THAT WISE GUY TO BUTT INTO OTHER MEN'S BUSINESS!

ARE YOU SAYIN' THIS MAN IS A RANGER? A TEXAS RANGER? THEN HE ISN'T ONE OF YOUR HIRED RENEGADES?

NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME? QUICK, YOU LITTLE FOOL! GIVE ME THE GUN!

TEXAS RANGERS! THE VERY NAME OF THAT ORGANIZATION SPELLED DOOM TO THE CRIMINAL! IT WAS ENOUGH TO SEND DESPERATE OUTLAWS SCURRYING LIKE RATS ACROSS THE BORDERS AND OUT OF THE LONE STAR STATE! THEIR ONLY COUNTERPART IN THE WORLD WAS THE FAMED MOUNTIES, WHO ALSO NEVER RETURNED FROM AN ASSIGNMENT WITHOUT THEIR MAN! FOLLOW HERE ONE OF THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL, RANGER WAYNE COLEMAN, AS THAT TROUBLESHOOTING, HARD-RIDING FIGHTER OF THE OPEN RANGE SETS OUT TO BREAK THE CATTLE THIEVES' SYNDICATE!

AT THE TEXAS RANGER STATION, DEEP IN THE PANHANDLE SECTION OF TEXAS, AUGUST, 1883....

HIYA, MOTIONLESS MIKE! I SEE YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED POSITION SINCE I WAS HERE LAST! I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU! I CAN'T WAIT TILL TOMORROW SO'S I CAN CHECK OUT ON A MONTH'S VACATION! I'M GOIN' UP NORTH TO GIVE MY BROTHER A HAND ON HIS RANCH!

VACATION! THINK AGAIN, WAYNE! THE CAPTAIN WANTS YOU INSIDE!

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE YOUR LEAVE, COLEMAN! IT'S A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT AND YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB— IF YOU'LL TAKE IT!

GO AHEAD, CAPTAIN ROGER'S! I'M LISTENING!

TROUBLE'S BREWING OVER AT DUSTY WELLS! THE TOWN'S SITTING ON A POWDERKEG! LOTS OF THE OLD TIMERS ARE BEING FORCED TO SELL OUT TO A BIG CATTLE SYNDICATE! IT ISN'T BEING DONE LEGALLY, BUT THE SHERIFF CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING! HE'S PUT THROUGH A CALL FOR IMMEDIATE HELP!

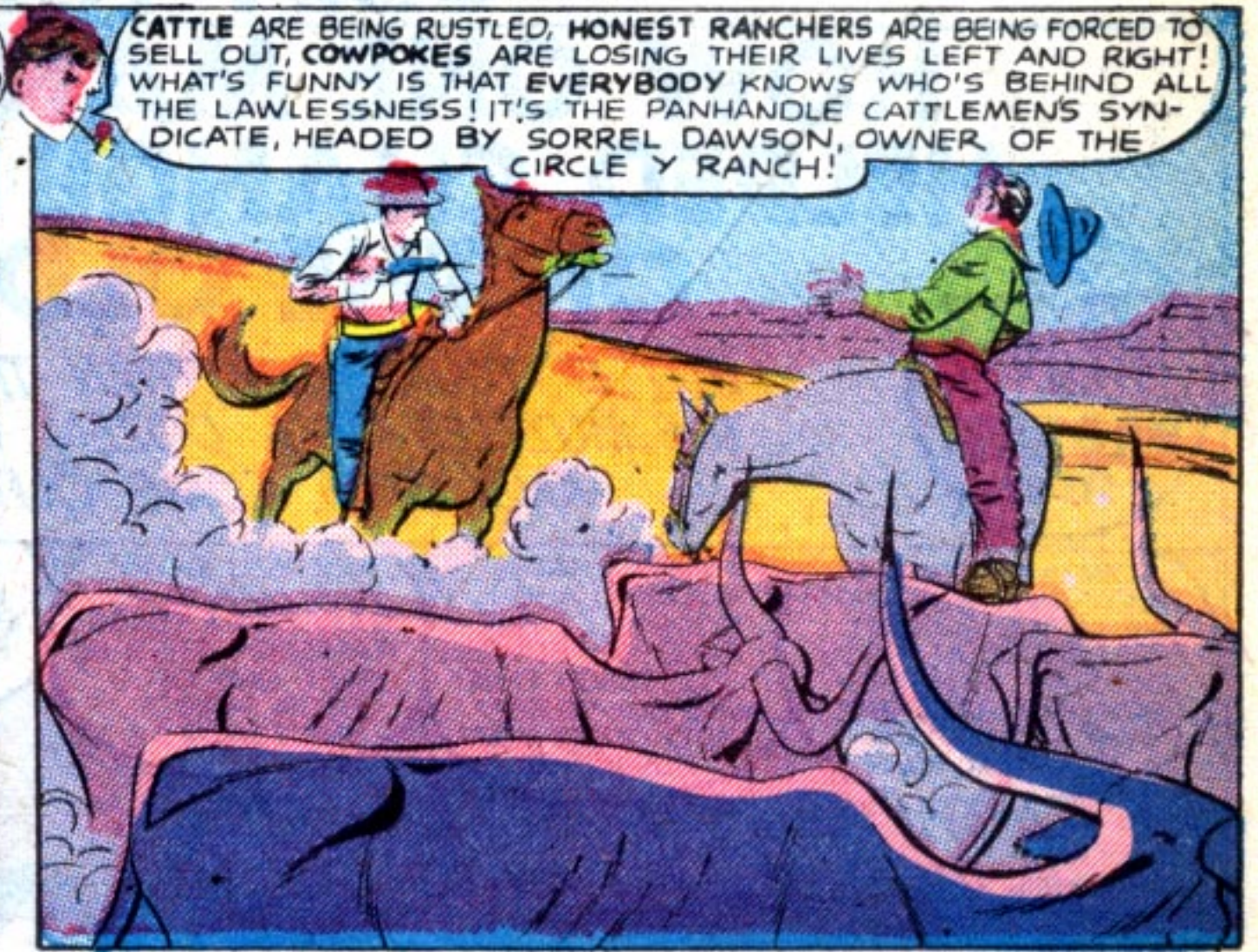


OBEY THE LAW



THERE'S NOTHING AND NOBODY SAFE IN THE WHOLE TERRITORY! FIRES BREAK OUT IN THE NIGHT, WATERHOLES ARE POISONED, FOLKS ARE BEING MADE HOMELESS EVERY DAY...

WAKE UP, MAW AND HELP ME GET THE CHILDREN OUT! THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE!



CATTLE ARE BEING RUSTLED, HONEST RANCHERS ARE BEING FORCED TO SELL OUT, COWPOKES ARE LOSING THEIR LIVES LEFT AND RIGHT! WHAT'S FUNNY IS THAT EVERYBODY KNOWS WHO'S BEHIND ALL THE LAWLESSNESS! IT'S THE PANHANDLE CATTLEMEN'S SYNDICATE, HEADED BY SORREL DAWSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE Y RANCH!



WHAT ABOUT THE OLD RANCHERS AND TOWNS-PEOPLE? WHY CAN'T THE SHERIFF DO ANYTHING?

BECAUSE MOST FOLKS ARE AFRAID TO BUCK THE SYNDICATE! THOSE WHO'VE TRIED DON'T MANAGE TO GO ON LIVING TOO LONG! THE RANCHERS HAVE THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL! THEY'RE SELLING THEIR SPREADS FOR A SONG JUST TO GET OUT OF THIS AREA!



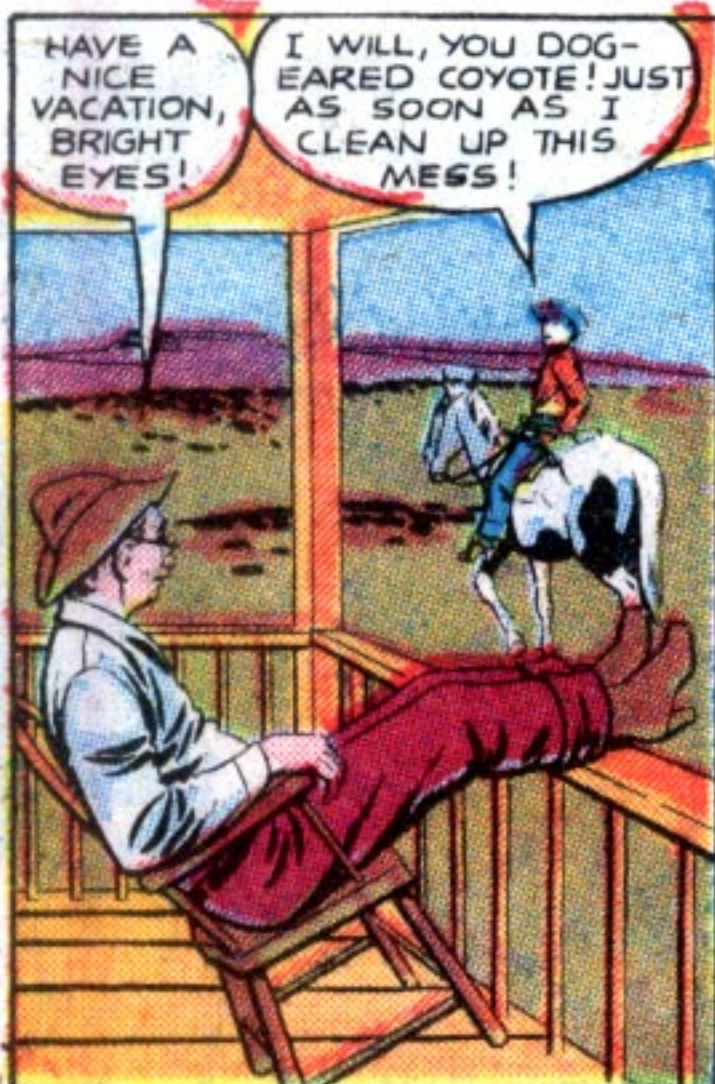
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO-BREAK UP THIS HIGH-POWERED SYNDICATE SINGLE-HANDED?

NO, NOT EXACTLY, THOUGH I THINK YOU COULD DO IT! BUT IF YOU COULD FIND OUT WHY THEY WANT ALL THAT LAND, IT SURE WOULD GO A LONG WAY IN FIGHTING THEM! AND IF YOU CAN GET SOMETHING ON DAWSON... ENOUGH TO BRING HIM IN, THE SYNDICATE MIGHT COLLAPSE WITHOUT A LEADER!



THAT SURE IS A RIGHT TALL ORDER, CAPTAIN ROGERS! I'LL DO MY BEST!

I KNOW YOU WILL, WAYNE, THAT'S WHY I CALLED ON YOU! GOOD LUCK-AND LET ME KNOW HOW YOU'RE MAKING OUT! IF YOU NEED ANY HELP, I'M AT YOUR SERVICE!



HAVE A NICE VACATION, BRIGHT EYES!

I WILL, YOU DOG-EARED COYOTE! JUST AS SOON AS I CLEAN UP THIS MESS!



SO THIS SUN-SCORCHED LITTLE TOWN IS DUSTY WELLS! SEEMS QUIET ENOUGH! I'LL JUST MOSEY DOWN TO THE SALOON AND GET THE DRIFT OF THINGS BEFORE I MAKE ANY PLANS!



DID I SAY THIS TOWN WAS QUIET? IF I DID, I TAKE IT BACK, 'CAUSE I SURE SMELL GUNPOWDER NOW!

YOU HEARD ME! I SAID IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A JOB, I'M PAYIN' SEVENTY A MONTH AND POWDER! THE NAME'S DAWSON, SORREL DAWSON!

I CAN'T OFFER YOU BUT FIFTY, SON, BUT YOU'LL BE WORKIN' FOR A RIGHT CAUSE IF YOU TIE IN WITH ME!

OBEY THE LAW

THOSE WAGES THAT DAWSON'S OFFERING ARE SUSPICIOUSLY HIGH, AND THAT SPELLS TROUBLE! TROUBLE'S WHAT I CAME TO FIND AND I GOT A HUNCH THE BEST WAY TO FIND IT IS TO GET DAWSON TO HATE MY GUTS! WELL, HERE GOES!

SO YOUR NAME IS DAWSON, EH? SEEMS TO ME I DIDN'T ASK WHAT YOUR NAME WAS!

OKAY, POP! I GUESS FIFTY'S PLENTY FOR ME! YOU GOT YOURSELF A HAND!

YOU BLASTED OLD FOOL! I MADE YOU A FAIR OFFER FOR YOUR LAZY Q, BUT INSTEAD OF SHOWING SOME COMMON SENSE AND TAKING ME UP, YOU GO AHEAD AND HIRE EVERY BLASTED GUNSLINGER THAT SHOWS HIS FACE IN THIS TOWN! WELL, NOW I'M GOING TO GET YOUR SPREAD, ANYHOW, AND I'M GOING TO DO IT SOON!

DAD, DON'T FIGHT OVER HIM! ONE GUN-HAND MORE OR LESS ISN'T WORTH IT!

YOU AND WHAT ARMY?

TAKE IT EASY, HONEY! NOTHING'S GONNA HAPPEN!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, BARRET, AND YOU, TOO, ANN! MY NAME'S WAYNE COLEMAN!

PLEASE JOIN UP WITH DAWSON! IT'LL SAVE A LOT OF TROUBLE!

YOUNG FELLER, MY NAME'S SCOTT BARRET! AND THIS'S MY DAUGHTER, ANN! TOGETHER, WE RUN THE LAZY Z!

ARE YOU GONNA TAKE THAT GAL'S ADVICE, KID, OR ARE YA GONNA STICK YOUR NECK OUT FOR A FEW BUCKS?

I'LL TAKE ANYONE'S BUT YOURS! I DON'T LIKE YOU, OR YOUR MONEY!

THIS HANDS ABOUT READY TO BE CALLED AND I DON'T WANT THIS PRETTY GIRL GETTING HURT!

ANN, YOU OUGHTN'T TO BE STANDING OUT HERE GATHERING DUST! WHY DON'T YOU GO CLIMB INTO YOUR BUCKBOARD OVER THERE?

LOOK OUT, WAYNE!

WHY, YOU FRESH-TALKIN' WORM, I'LL MAKE HASH OUT OF YA!

I SEE YOU LIKE ACTION BETTER'N WORDS! THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!

WHEN YOU WAKE UP, REMEMBER WAYNE COLEMAN, CAUSE THAT'S MY NAME.. AND I GOT MORE OF THE SAME, HOMBRE!

GET HIM, SHORTY! GE...

YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE, SHORTY! IF YOU TRY THAT AGAIN, I'LL CUT YOU IN TWO!

OBEY THE LAW

WHEN ARE WE HEADING BACK TO YOUR RANCH, BOSS? I'D LIKE TO SEE MY NEW HOME!

WELL, I GUESS NOT FOR A SPELL YET! ANN AND ME'S GOT A MESS OF BUYIN' TO DO AN' MY HORSE IS DOWN AT THE SMITH'S GETTIN' SHOD! MAKE IT TWO HOURS FROM NOW IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL!

WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE TOWN BEFORE DAWSON AND HIS MEN KILL YOU?

I DON'T CARE HOW HANDY YOU ARE WITH A GUN! THEY'LL KILL YOU, WAYNE - YOU'RE ONLY ONE MAN AND THEY'RE MANY!

ANN, HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU HOW PRETTY YOU LOOK WHEN YOU'RE EXCITED? AND DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT DAWSON!

I'M GOING AFTER SOME VITTLES - SEE YOU AT THE HOTEL - LATER!

IT'S ALMOST TIME TO MEET THE BARRETS! SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE JEB, ONE OF DAWSON'S MEN, CROSSING OVER TO THE HOTEL! I'D BETTER WAIT HERE AND SEE WHAT THE PLAY IS! THEY MAY BE LOOKING FOR MORE TROUBLE!

I CERTAINLY DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT! SOMEONE'S SNEAKING OUT THE BACK WAY... WHY, IT'S ANN!

IF I AIN'T A HORNE TOAD - THAT'S JEB SHE'S WITH! NOW I GET IT! SHE SURE WAS ANXIOUS FOR ME TO GET OUT OF TOWN! SHE MUST BE IN CAHOOTS WITH DAWSON! AND AGAINST HER OWN FATHER, TOO! THIS WILL TAKE LOTS OF LOOKING INTO!

THERE HE IS NOW! I'LL GET HIM!

I'VE GOT A FEELING SOMEONE'S SNEAKING UP ON...

OBEY THE LAW



WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

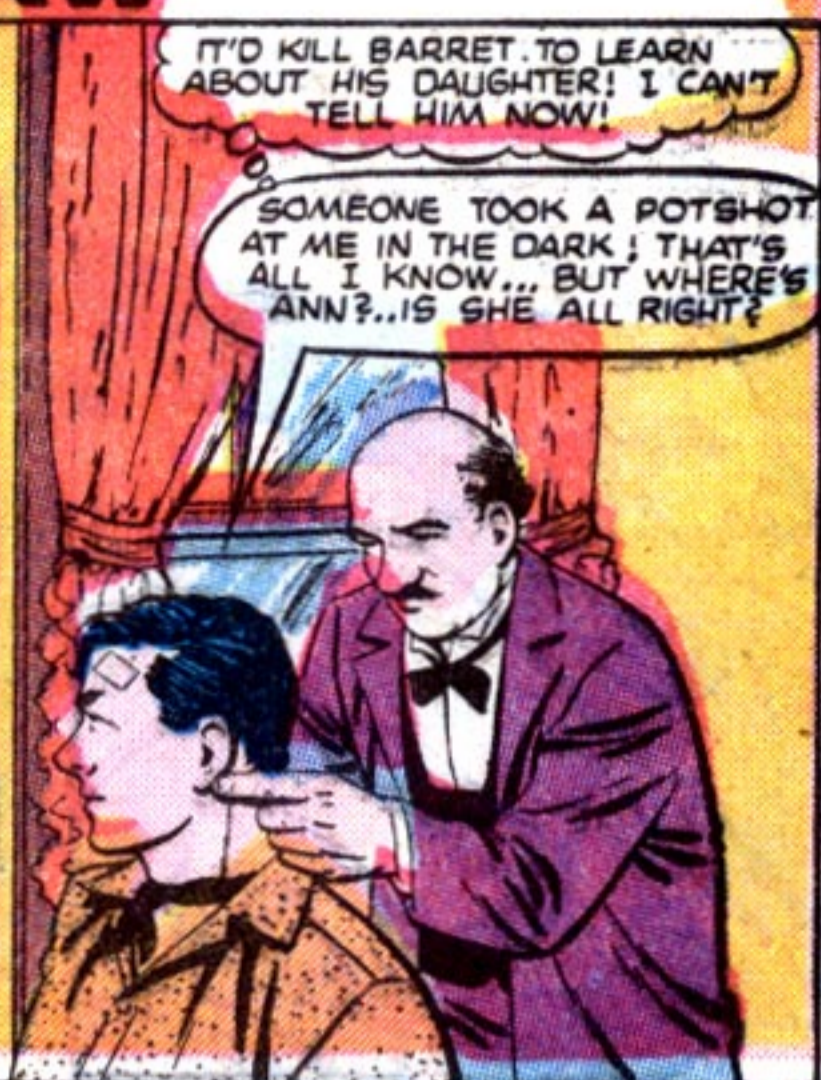
DARNED IF I KNOW! ALL I HEARD WAS THE SHOOTIN'!

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT SLUG ONLY CREASED YOUR FORE-HEAD, SON, OR ELSE YOU'D HAVE BEEN ON YOUR WAY TO BOOTHILL!

LET'S GIVE HIM A LIFT OVER TO DOC'S PLACE!

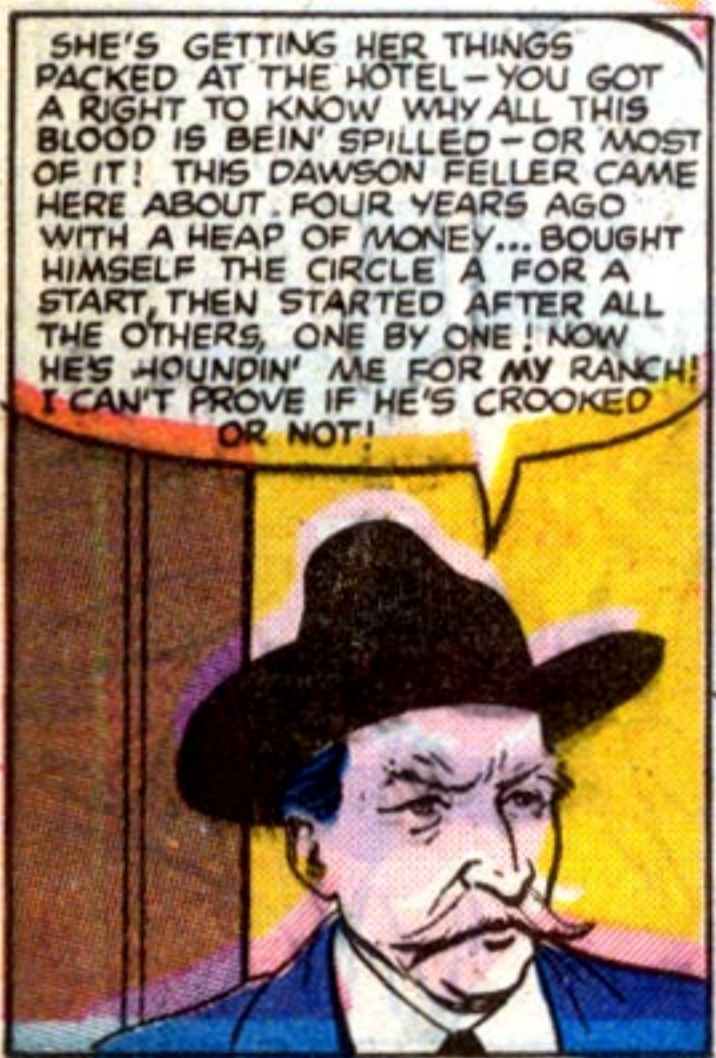


I JUST GOT THE NEWS, WAYNE - HOW IN HADES DID YOU COME TO GET YOURSELF INTO A SHOOTIN' SCRAP SO SOON AGAIN? WAS IT DAWSON?



IT'D KILL BARRET TO LEARN ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER! I CAN'T TELL HIM NOW!

SOMEONE TOOK A POTSHOT AT ME IN THE DARK! THAT'S ALL I KNOW... BUT WHERE'S ANN?... IS SHE ALL RIGHT?



SHE'S GETTING HER THINGS PACKED AT THE HOTEL - YOU GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW WHY ALL THIS BLOOD IS BEIN' SPILLED - OR MOST OF IT! THIS DAWSON FELLER CAME HERE ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO WITH A HEAP OF MONEY... BOUGHT HIMSELF THE CIRCLE A FOR A START, THEN STARTED AFTER ALL THE OTHERS, ONE BY ONE! NOW HE'S HOUNDIN' ME FOR MY RANCH! I CAN'T PROVE IF HE'S CROOKED OR NOT!



THE SHOOTIN'S BOUND TO COME OUT INTO THE OPEN NOW! I'VE KNOWN IT FOR A LONG TIME! DAWSON'S BEEN HIRIN' EVERY GUNHAND HE COULD! YOU'RE MY FIRST, BUT HE'S GOT TEN, AN' MAYBE MORE BY NOW!

THANKS, DOC! I PROMISE NOT TO GIVE YOU ANY MORE TROUBLE WHILE I'M IN TOWN!

WHY IS DAWSON AFTER YOUR SPREAD SO BAD? WHAT'S HE GOT TO GAIN?



THAT'S GOT ME BEAT! HE'S GOT ENOUGH GOOD RANGE NOW AN' PLENTY OF WATER! IF HE'S AFTER MY LAND FOR A GET-AWAY TRAIL TO RUN RUSTLED BEEF IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD! THE LAY OF THE LAND AIN'T GOOD FOR IT! YOU'LL SEE..

YEAH, I'M KINDA ANXIOUS TO TAKE A LOOK 'WHAT'S WORTH KILLIN' PEOPLE OVER!



WHY - WHAT - EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

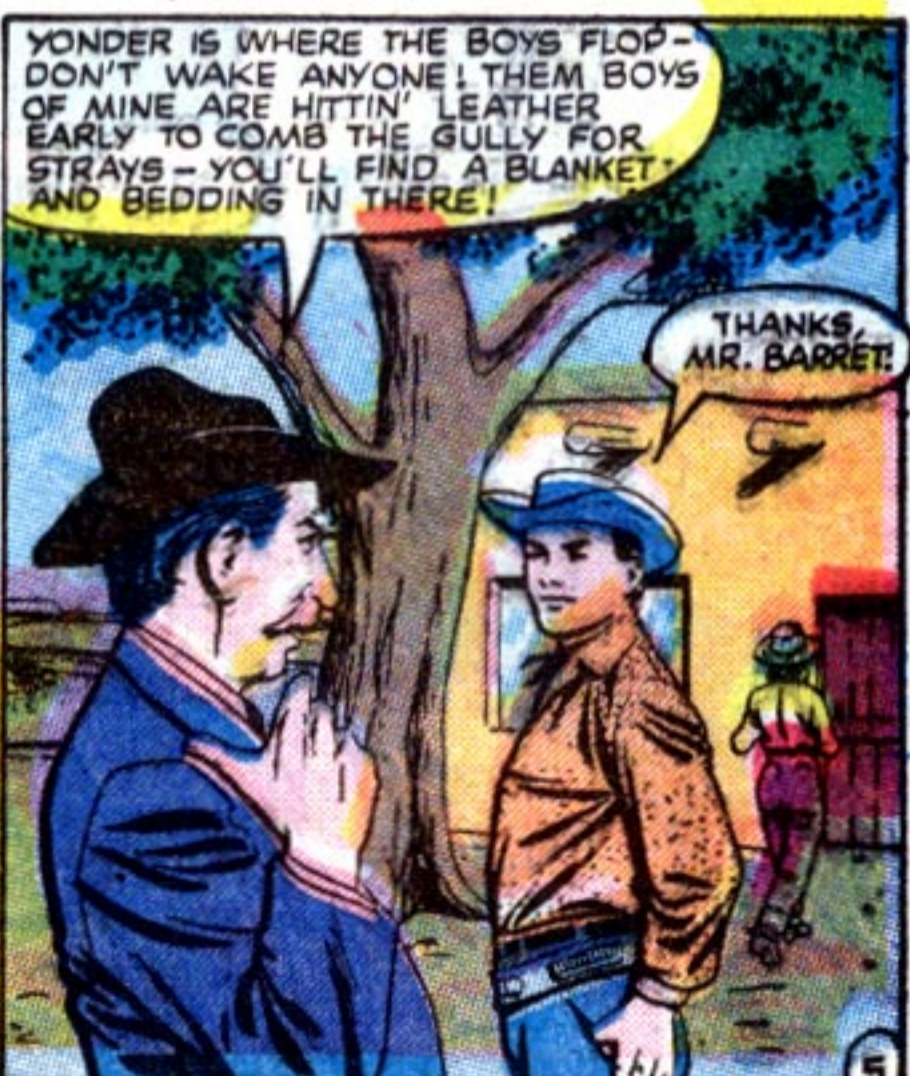
IT'S HARD TO SAY.. I WAS JUST OUT GETTIN' SOME INFORMATION! THE PERSON THAT SHOT ME'D KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT, DON'T YOU THINK SO?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ALL READY, ANN! PUT YOUR THINGS IN THE WAGON!



BOSS.. I'VE BEEN THINKIN' AND IT APPEARS THAT MAYBE I'VE HIT ON THE ANSWER! IT COULD BE THAT DAWSON HAS THE IDEA THAT ANN GOES WITH THE SPREAD, EH?

I THINK YOU MAY BE RIGHT, SON, AND ANN, I THINK YOU KNOW IT, TOO! IT'S GETTIN' PLAIN TO SEE THAT IF IT AIN'T THE SPREAD HE'S AFTER, IT MUST BE YOU!



YONDER IS WHERE THE BOYS FLOP - DON'T WAKE ANYONE! THEM BOYS OF MINE ARE HITTIN' LEATHER EARLY TO COMB THE GULLY FOR STRAYS - YOU'LL FIND A BLANKET AND BEDDING IN THERE!

THANKS, MR. BARRET!

OBEY THE LAW

THAT'S ANN SLIPPING OUT NOW! MOTIONLESS ALWAYS DID SAY THAT ALL A GOOD RANGER NEEDS IS PATIENCE AND A MITE OF LUCK! THREE HOURS OF WAITING PAID ME OFF— AND NOW, MAYBE MY LUCK WILL ALLOW ME TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS! I'LL FOLLOW HER AT A SAFE DISTANCE!



SHE WENT INTO THE GORGE! SHE MUST KNOW SHE'S BEING FOLLOWED, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO GO AROUND!



EASY WITH THAT GUN, ANN— IT MIGHT GO OFF!

YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING SNAKE! I BEGAN TO SUSPECT YOU AFTER YOU PULLED THAT FAKE FIGHT WITH DAWSON FOR DAD'S BENEFIT! THEN, WHEN YOU CAME SNEAKING AROUND THE HOTEL ALLEY, I WAS SORE, AND IT MADE ME MAD ENOUGH TO GRAB JEB'S GUN AND BLAST YOU! TOO BAD I DIDN'T HIT YOU PROPER, YOU KILLER! YOU'RE JUST ONE OF DAWSON'S HIRED GUNMEN! ADMIT IT!



NO SENSE ARGUIN' WITH YOU— I CAN SEE THAT! BUT DO YOU MIND TELLING ME WHERE YOU WERE HEADED FOR JUST NOW?

SINCE YOU PROBABLY KNOW IT ANYHOW, I WAS GOING TO THE CIRCLE A TO HAVE IT OUT WITH DAWSON— NOW, DROP YOUR GUN!

HERE'S THREE OF 'EM COMIN' FROM THE SOUTH! YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO NO PLACE NOW TO HAVE IT OUT WITH DAWSON! QUICK, YOU LITTLE FOOL— GIVE ME BACK MY GUN!

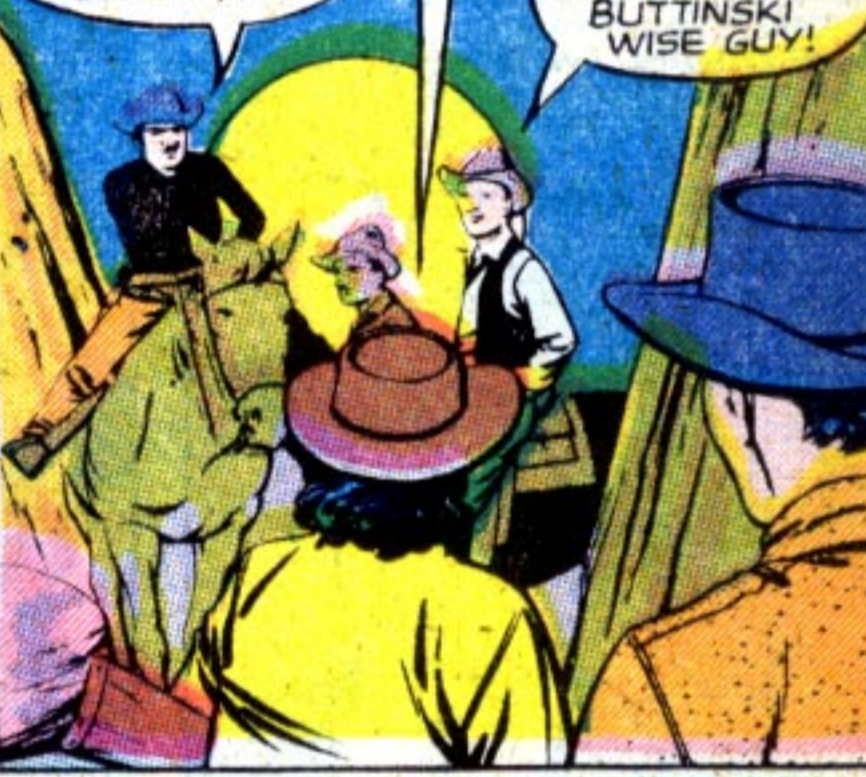
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME WITH THAT OLD TRICK!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW— THE LITTLE BARRET GAL HAS OUR FIST-SWINGIN' BAD MAN GUN-HITCHED! WHY DON'T YOU PLUG HIM, ANN?

YOU MEAN HE ISN'T ONE OF YOUR HIRED RENEGADES?

HA, THAT'S A LAUGH, AND MIGHTY HANDY, TOO! LET ME TAKE HIM, BOSS! I'LL TEACH HIM TO BE A BUTTINSKI WISE GUY!



YOU GOT MY GUN HAND BEFORE, BUT I CAN STILL USE MY LEFT!

HERE, WAYNE— CATCH!

THANKS, ANN!



HE GOT SHORTY! LET HIM HAVE IT, JEB!

I GOT SHORTY; BUT THE GUN IS JAMMED!

BANG! CLICK!



OBEDY THE LAW



I GOT THE CHICKEN-STEALIN' WEASEL!

OHHH... WAYNE!



DON'T YOU DARE KILL HIM! HE GOT SHORTY IN A FAIR DUEL AND YOU KNOW IT! I'LL SEE TO IT THEY HANG YOU IF YOU HARM HIM!

DON'T WORRY, MISS BARRET! WE WON'T KILL HIM! LEASTWISE NOT YET! I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'VE GOT A GOOD PERSUADER HERE, IF YOUR OLD MAN IS GONNA BE AN OBSTINATE FOOL!

TOSS HIM OVER HIS SADDLE, SPIKE! WE'RE GONNA PAY HER OLD MAN A VISIT!



I GUESS THEY FIGURED I WAS TOO FAR GONE TO BOTHER TYING ME UP! IF ONLY THE PAIN IN MY HEAD WOULD CLEAR UP SO I COULD SEE STRAIGHT...

WHY DON'T YOU CROAK, YOU OLD FOOL? IT'LL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF SLITTIN' YOUR WORTHLESS THROAT!

NO! NO! HE'S AN OLD MAN! PLEASE DON'T HIT HIM ANY MORE!



SHUT UP! SHOUTIN' WILL ONLY WAKE UP YOUR BOYS! YOU DON'T WANNA LET 'EM GET KILLED TOO, DO YOU?

I GUESS YOU WONDER WHAT MAKES ME WANT YOUR SPREAD SO BAD, EH? WELL, BARRETT, BEFORE YOU DIE, I'LL TELL YA! I GOT IT STRAIGHT FROM AN OLD PARD OF MINE IN FORT WORTH! THE SANTA FE FIGURES ON RUNNIN' A RAILROAD THROUGH HERE-RIGHT SMACK THROUGH YOUR SOUTH LINE! IT'S GONNA BE WORTH PLENTY TO THE MAN WHO OWNS IT-THAT'S WHY THE SYNDICATE I HEAD HAS BEEN BUYIN' UP ALL THE LAND, SO WE CAN GET OUR OWN PRICE! THEY'LL HAVE TO BUY FROM US!



SO THAT'S IT, AND IF I DON'T SIGN OVER MY RANCH TO YOU, YOU'RE GOIN' TO SHOOT ME AND THE YOUNGSTER OVER THERE, NOT TO MENTION MY DAUGHTER!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID AN' THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO DO! YOU'D BETTER SIGN FAST, BARRET! I DON'T AIM TO STAND HERE AND LISTEN TO MYSELF TALK! I'M GIVIN' YOU ONE MORE MINUTE!



YOU BLASTED MURDERER! IF YOU SO MUCH AS GO NEAR MY DAUGHTER...

WHY, YOU... I'LL TEACH YOU TO BITE!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER! I'VE BEEN PATIENT! NOW I NEED SOME LUCK!



GET AFTER HIM, SPIKE! DON'T LET HIM GET THE BOYS OUTTA THE BUNKHOUSE!

OBEY THE LAW



HEY! THAT'S MY GUN!

I KNOW IT! JUST GRAB ANOTHER AN' COME ON! EVERYBODY, WAKE UP! DAWSON'S GOT THE OLD MAN IN THE RANCH-HOUSE! HE'S GONNA KILL THE BOSS IF WE DON'T GET THERE IN TIME!

LET'S GET THAT VULTURE!



HEY, I WAS JUST LOOKIN' FOR MY COLT!

YOU'RE MORE LIABLE TO FIND BOOTHILL THAT-WAY! HIS KILLERS ARE LOOKIN' FOR A TARGET! WHY 'GIVE 'EM ONE?



STAY WHERE YA ARE! THE FIRST ONE OUT GETS BLASTED IN. TWO! JUST BE NICE BOYS AND GET BACK IN YOUR BUNKS! SOON AS THE BOSS FINISHES HIS LITTLE TRANSACTION, YOU'LL ALL BE WORKIN' FOR HIM, ANYWAY!

HE'S RIGHT! IT'D BE SUICIDE TO GO OUT THAT DOOR UNDER THOSE KILLERS' SIGHTS! THE MOON'S RIGHT AT OUR DOOR-BUT I'VE GOT A PLAN!

I'M GETTIN' TO THE WINDOW! YOU THROW OPEN THIS DOOR WHEN I SAY THE WORD!



IT WORKED! AS SOON AS YOU THREW OPEN THE SCREEN DOOR, HE CUT LOOSE, AND I BLASTED AT HIS GUN FLASHES! HE CAN'T STOP US NOW-LET'S RUSH DAWSON!



THANK GOODNESS YOU CAME! DAD COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MUCH MORE! DAWSON WAS BEATING HIM UP TERRIBLY, BUT HE WOULDN'T SIGN!

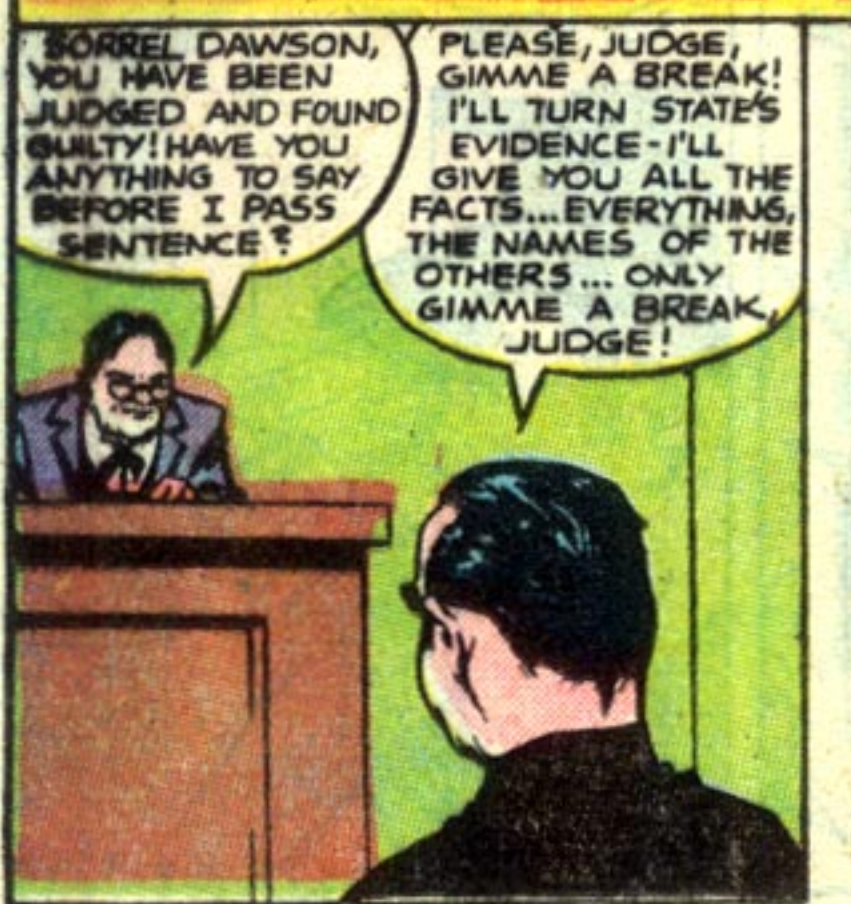


DON'T YOU WORRY, MISS ANN! THIS HOMBRE'S TIME IS UP! HE'LL LOOK GOOD SWINGING FROM A TREE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BOYS, BUT HE'S MY PRISONER! I'M TAKING HIM IN FOR TRIAL!

WELL I'LL BE! HE'S A TEXAS RANGER!

TEXAS IS NOTED FOR ITS QUICK, CERTAIN JUSTICE! WITHIN DAYS THE EVIL POWER OF THE CATTLEMEN'S SYNDICATE HAD BEEN BROKEN! A TREMENDOUS JOB ACCOMPLISHED BY ONE MAN, RANGER WAYNE COLEMAN!



SORREL DAWSON, YOU HAVE BEEN JUDGED AND FOUND GUILTY! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PASS SENTENCE?

PLEASE, JUDGE, GIMME A BREAK! I'LL TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE-I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE FACTS...EVERYTHING, THE NAMES OF THE OTHERS... ONLY GIMME A BREAK, JUDGE!



THAT'S THE END OF THE SYNDICATE, WAYNE, THANKS TO YOU! THE MEN WHO WERE ROBBED OF THEIR HOMES HAVE GOTTEN THEM BACK! YOU RANGERS SURE HAVE A WAY OF GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS!

SAY, ANN, YOU NEVER DID EXPLAIN WHY YOU WERE FOLLOWING JEB THROUGH THE HOTEL ALLEY!



OH, THAT! JEB CAME TO MY WINDOW AND SAID THAT IF I DIDN'T GO OUT TO THE CIRCLE A RANCH WITH HIM AND TALK THINGS OVER, HE'D DRYGULCH DAD! I WAS AFRAID AND THOUGHT IT BEST TO DO AS HE ASKED!

ANN, I'M ASKING YOU TO BE MY WIFE! WILL YOU THINK IT BEST TO DO AS I ASK?

THE END!

STAMP PAGE

Alhambra

THE southern provinces of Spain have been inhabited and controlled by the Moors for close to 800 years and it was not until 1492 that they were expelled from the country. During these centuries of conquest the Moors brought with them their intricate artistic talents and fine architecture, which they incorporated in their citadel of the Alhambra in Granada. This palace and fortress of the Moorish kings was described as one of the most beautiful palaces of all Europe. It required many skilled



Fountain of Lions
in the Alhambra

workers and artists, and more than 100 years to complete the work.

After the Moors were driven out of Spain, the Spanish Conquerors committed acts of vandalism and a good deal of the intricate and artistic work was destroyed. Even the Spanish monarchs who followed through the years tore down parts of the buildings to make way for palaces of modern design. It was not until 1830 that the Spanish people took an interest in the Alhambra and tried to restore its beauty as near as possible. In spite of years of neglect, earthquakes, vandalism and damage from time, what remains of the Alhambra still possesses the beauty and intricate care which the Moors put into their work.

In 1931, Spain issued a set of 10 stamps in commemoration of the third Pan-American Postal Union Congress. The designs used on most of the stamps in this set consisted of Spanish landmarks and places of interest. Two of the stamps in this set bore a replica of the beautiful "Fountain of the Lions" which the Moors built in their ancient citadel of the Alhambra.

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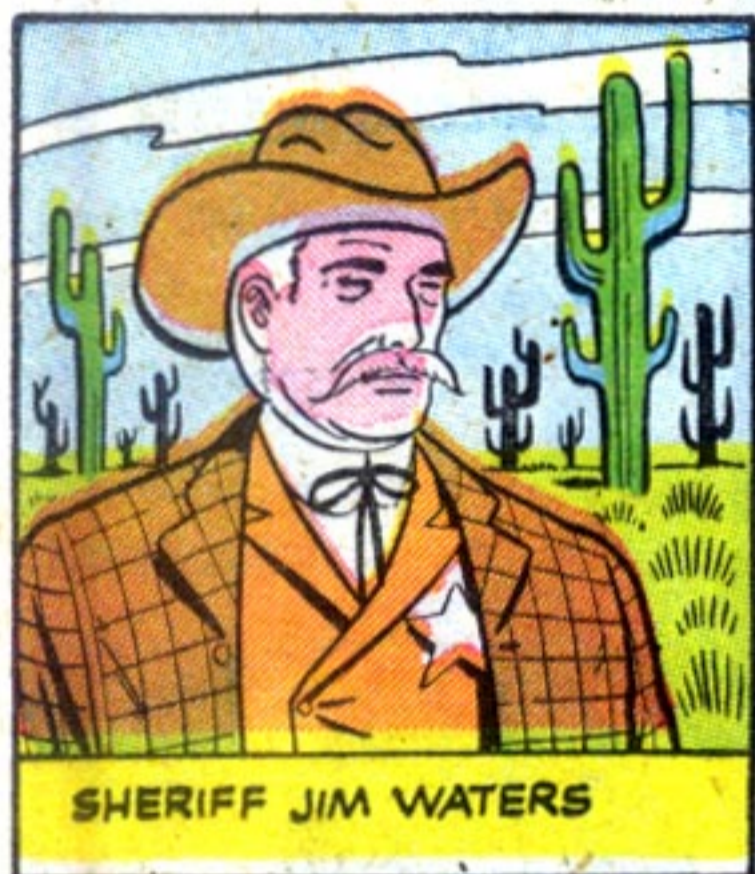
Rush Coupon For Prompt Delivery!

SHERIFF JIM WATERS



*HE PREFERRED BRAINS
TO SIX SHOOTERS
AND GOT RESULTS!*

AT MIDNIGHT of July 7, 1893, the Jenny Flyer stopped at Pryor's Creek, Arizona, to take on water. Ten minutes later it pulled out into the blackness again. Five minutes after



that, the crew made the unpleasant discovery that water was not all it had taken on at Pryor's Creek. Two masked men climbed over the tender, guns in hand, and into the cab, to join the startled engineer.

"Just stop the train," one of the bandits said quietly, "and don't try anything!"

The feel of a gun in his ribs convinced the engineer that he would be wise to do as he was told. The crew knew that the Jenny Flyer was likely to be held up, since she carried large sums of money. But the two robbers had boarded the train

without making a sound. The first the crew knew of their presence was when the train pulled to a stop, in the middle of nowhere. By that time it was too late, because a dozen more masked men had swarmed aboard.

The robbers were well-organized and efficient. Without saying a word, they overpowered and tied up the crew and guards before the latter could use their guns. The two men in the cab finished tying up the engineer and joined their comrades.

The man who seemed to be the leader went into the passenger car, a bandit on each side of him. The car's few passengers were peering into the darkness, trying to find out why the train had stopped.

The entrance of three armed, masked men answered that question. The leader spoke, in a low growl.

"I guess you folks know what we're here for. If you don't make any trouble there won't be any. Just hand your valuables over to my boys quietly and nobody will get hurt."

Only one victim dared to protest. "You can't do this to me," he shouted. "You can't!"

A bullet from the gun of one of the bandits went

neatly through the crown of his hat. "Next time he'll aim lower," the leader warned. "Anyone else got any objections?" No one had. When the loot had been collected, one of the bandits went into the baggage compartment to check on progress there. He came back a minute later and nodded to the leader.

"All right," the leader said. "We're leaving now. As soon as we're gone, one of you folks can go in and untie the engineer. Thanks, folks, and have a pleasant journey!"

The robbers got away with over \$6,000 in money and goods, leaving behind them a trainful of unarmed, helpless and irate citizens.



Something had to be done about this outrage, which was, somehow, all the greater because of the efficiency of the bandits.

When the train made its



next scheduled stop, at Bayou, fifteen angry taxpayers stormed into Sheriff Jim Waters' office.

"This is a disgrace," they told him. "You've got to do something about it."

Waters was a big man, white-haired and even-tempered, but highly respected and feared by outlaws. He was famous for his ability to get his man, and the fact that he had both managed to stay alive, although sheriff, for a long time, and to keep his deputies in the same condition. He did so largely by substituting brain-work for gunplay whenever possible.

"I'll get that gang," he promised the victims. "Just give me a little time." When the others had gone he



turned to his deputy, John Gurdy. "It's going to be a job, catching this bunch," he said. "It doesn't sound as if they're going to help us by making any mistakes. I have a hunch, though, that

they're either from these parts or are planning to be around for awhile. They didn't talk much so there wouldn't be much chance of their voices being recognized." The sheriff thought for a few minutes. "The Jenny Flyer," he went on, "carries more money than any other train in these parts. In fact, it's the only one that carries enough to make it interesting to a gang. I think I have an idea."

Arizona and nearby papers carried a notice the next day, to the effect that all trains would be heavily guarded because of the presence of a gang of robbers in the vicinity. All able-bodied men who could do so were asked to enlist as volunteer guards for temporary duty.

Two weeks later a second notice appeared. This one announced that since no further attempts had been made to rob the trains, it was supposed that the gang had been scared out of Arizona. The volunteers could return to their ordinary occupations.

At midnight of July 30, 1893, the Jenny Flyer stopped at Pryor's Creek to take on water. One or two of her passengers got up to stretch. The others sat quietly in their seats, some asleep. All were men, some

middle-aged, most young.

Up front, the engineer leaned out of the cab window to speak to the crew.

"I guess we'll get her through safe tonight," he shouted.

"I guess we will," a crewman shouted back. "It sure looks as if Sheriff Waters scared that gang out of these parts."

Two shadows moved in the darkness, unnoticed by any of the men. And once again the Jenny Flyer stopped five minutes out of Pryor's Creek, as two masked men convinced the engineer that that was the safest thing to do.

And, as once before, a group of armed, masked men got on the train and went silently to work on the crew.

But here the resemblance to the events of three weeks before ended. When the bandit leader and two of his men opened the door of the passenger car, the men inside seemed to be asleep.



Two more who stood against the wall on either side of the door were invisible. They quickly made their presence felt, however. As the two henchmen entered, well-placed blows knocked them to the floor. And from each side the leader was made conscious of a gun sticking in his ribs.

"Drop those guns and get your hands up," a quiet



voice said. The bandit hesitated. "You heard me!" The voice was more emphatic this time, but the gun barrels were even more convincing. The bandit did as he was told.

Deputy Sheriff John Gurdy opened his eyes, pulled himself up out of his chair and said, "Good work, boys. Some of you better go see if the others need any help. Don't let any of them get away."

In the baggage car everything also went off according to Sheriff Waters' careful plan. The deputies who had been stationed there had remained hidden behind large packing cases until the bandits were busy tying up the crew members. Then

they had stepped out behind the robbers, guns in hand. The crew members were delighted to return the favor by tying up the robbers.

All this had been done as silently as the gang itself had carried out the first robbery. From outside the train came sounds of shouting, followed by hoofbeats and shots. The two bandits who were serving as sentries knew nothing of what was going on inside the train. Some of the deputies, knowing there would be men on guard outside, had crept quietly out to take them. However, a gust of wind pushed the train door open as the last deputy came out and one of the watching bandits caught a glimpse of the baggage room.

"Something went wrong," he shouted to the other outpost. "Let's get out of here!" He dug his spurs into his horse but had ridden only a few yards when a branch lying across the road tripped the animal. The bandit landed in the brush with a broken leg.

The other sentry ignored the shouts of "Stop, or we shoot!" to try to make a break for it. A shot from the gun of one of the depu-

ties brought him down.

Inside the passenger car, meanwhile, Gurdy had pulled the mask off the bandit leader to reveal a dark, heavily-bearded, angry face.

"Boys," Gurdy announced, "we caught a bigger fish than I expected. Unless I'm blinder than a mole, and I'm not, this is Black Jim Wilson. He calls himself the Texas Terror. He's wanted for murder in two states and assorted crimes in three others. And we caught him with a silly old trick any ten-year old could have seen through. But then, nobody ever said Black Jim was even as smart as a five-year old. Don't know when he got so polite, either. Let's get that engineer untied and get this train moving to Bayou. Sheriff Waters'll be happier than a fox let loose in a chicken coop when he sees what we brought him!"

Black Jim Wilson was returned to Texas to be tried on a murder charge. On August 16th he was found guilty. He was hanged two days later, together with two other members of the gang. The remaining bandits received long jail sentences, having learned too late that **CRIME DOES NOT PAY.**



OBEY THE LAW

A TRUE WILD WEST STORY

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

WHO OR WHAT WAS IT THAT JINXED BLIND "IDAHO" MARSH AND HIS RANCH--AND WHY?



IT'S RIDICULOUS ARRESTING MY BROTHER! HOW COULD HE KILL ANYONE? HE'S BLIND!

I'M SORRY, DOLLY! BUT IDAHO'S SHOT MUST'VE GONE WILD! THE BULLET IN DAWSON'S BODY IS OF THE SAME CALIBRE AS IDAHO'S GUN!

I KNEW SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN, SHERIFF! THE IDEA OF A BLIND MAN RUNNING A RANCH IS PREPOSTEROUS!

YOU'RE LOCO! THIS LAND'S BEEN CURSED BY EVIL SPIRITS FOR 100 YEARS! THERE AIN'T NOTHING YA CAN DO ABOUT CURSED LAND BUT GET OFF IT!

FOLLOWING THE CIVIL WAR, BACK IN 1867, A BLIND VETERAN "IDAHO" MARSH BOUGHT A RANCH IN EASTERN TEXAS! BEING BLIND, HOWEVER, WAS NOT THE ONLY HANDICAP HE HAD TO OVERCOME IN MAKING A SUCCESS OF IT!

T. DI PRETA



FIRST THE CATTLE ARE RUSTLED, THEN THE FEED'S DESTROYED, THEN MOST OF THE HELP QUITS BECAUSE OF HAUNTS, NOW THE BUNKHOUSE BURNS DOWN! EVERYBODY WHO LAUGHED AT ME WAS RIGHT! IT'S IDIOTIC FOR A BLIND MAN TO TRY TO RUN A RANCH!

BAD MEN MADE THOSE BREAKS, IDAHO! YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW... NOT WHILE YOU'RE UNDER FIRE!

UNDER FIRE IS RIGHT- I DON'T HAVE TO SEE THAT BUNKHOUSE- I CAN FEEL IT! IT'S A FURNACE!

THIS LAND WAS CURSED BY INDIANS 100 YEARS AGO! THAT'S WHY MR. MARSH BOUGHT THE LAND SO CHEAP! NOBODY WANTS CURSED LAND!

NONSENSE, VINEGAR! THERE'S NO SUCH A THING AS EVIL SPIRITS! OH, HERE COMES THAT GREEDY MR. KEVAN- HE'S PROBABLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS TROUBLE, BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT!



HOWDY, FOLKS- MAYBE THOSE EVIL SPIRITS WILL GET AROUND TO HEAVY DAMAGE! I JUST HEARD ABOUT IDAHO'S LATEST DISASTER AND DROPPED BY TO OFFER MY SYMPATHY!

I'LL BET! LOOK AT HIM! THE PICTURE OF GRIEF! WELL, KEVAN, START CRYING NOW, BECAUSE ALL YOUR DIRTY, BACK-BITING TRICKS WON'T DRIVE US OFF THIS PROPERTY!

OBEY THE LAW

BUT I ONLY WANT TO GET YOUR PROPERTY LEGITIMATELY! CONSIDERING ALL YOUR LOSSES AND BORROWIN', I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOO LONG TO WAIT TILL YOU GO BANKRUPT! THEN I'LL BUY YOU OUT FOR A SONG!

KEVAN, I'M HERE TO STAY! I LOST MY SIGHT BECAUSE I DIDN'T QUIT IN THE FACE OF ENEMY FIRE AN I AIN'T QUITTIN' NOW, BECAUSE A PACK OF COYOTES ARE GANGING UP ON ME! NOW, GET OFF OUR PROPERTY!

THIS ISN'T VERY NEIGHBORLY OF YOU, MARSH, BUT SINCE YOU WON'T BE AROUND MUCH LONGER, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU'RE NICE OR NOT!

YOU HEARD ME, KEVAN! MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE!

I HATE KEVAN! HE'S THE GREEDIEST MAN I'VE EVER MET!

YOU COULDN'T GET WORSE REVENGE THAN BY GIVING HIM THIS LAND! WHAT BEATS ME IS WHY HE WANTS IT! THIS IS THE DRY-EST, ROCKIEST, MOST WORTHLESS LAND IN TEXAS!

THAT'S ENOUGH, VINEGAR! YOU KEEP YOUR OPINIONS TO YOURSELF!

VINEGAR'S RIGHT! WHY DOES KEVAN WANT THIS LAND? HE'S GOT THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF HIS OWN, AND ANYWAY-THIS LAND IS NO BARGAIN!

KEVAN'S LAND GREEDY! HE WANTS EVERY SQUARE INCH. OF LAND HE CAN BUY, JUST SO HE CAN CALL IT HIS! WAIT A MINUTE, IDAHO! HERE COME THE SHERIFF AND BOXCAR BENNETT!

HELLO, THERE, IDAHO!

WE'RE SORRY THIS HAPPENED, IDAHO! BAD LUCK MUST BE YOUR MIDDLE NAME!

IT'S A CINCH IT AIN'T GOOD LUCK, SHERIFF!

YOU KNOW HOW TO PUT IDAHO ON HIS FEET, DOLLY, DON'T YOU?

SURE, BOX-CAR! MARRY YOU-AND IDAHO'LL GET ENOUGH OF THE MONEY PEOPLE DROP AT YOUR RIGGED GAMBLING TABLES TO MAKE A GO OF THE RANCH! THE ANSWER IS STILL NO!

I'D GO IN RAGS AND SEE IDAHO GO BANKRUPT BEFORE I'D TOUCH A PENNY OF YOUR DIRTY MONEY!

ONE OF THESE DAYS MAYBE YOU'LL SING A DIFFERENT TUNE, BABY!

SO LONG, IDAHO!

FUNNY, HOW IDAHO MARSH HAS BEEN HAVING ROTTEN LUCK EVER SINCE HE BOUGHT THIS LAND! IF ANYBODY DESERVES A BREAK, IT'S IDAHO! HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN THE WAR, Y'KNOW! ALL THIS TALK ABOUT EVIL SPIRITS IS HOKUM! SOMEBODY'S AFTER POOR IDAHO'S LAND!

WHO'D BE SO ROTTEN AS TO TREAT A BLIND WAR VETERAN LIKE THAT?

WE BETTER GET SOME REST, IDAHO! WE HAVE A TOUGH DAY AHEAD OF US!

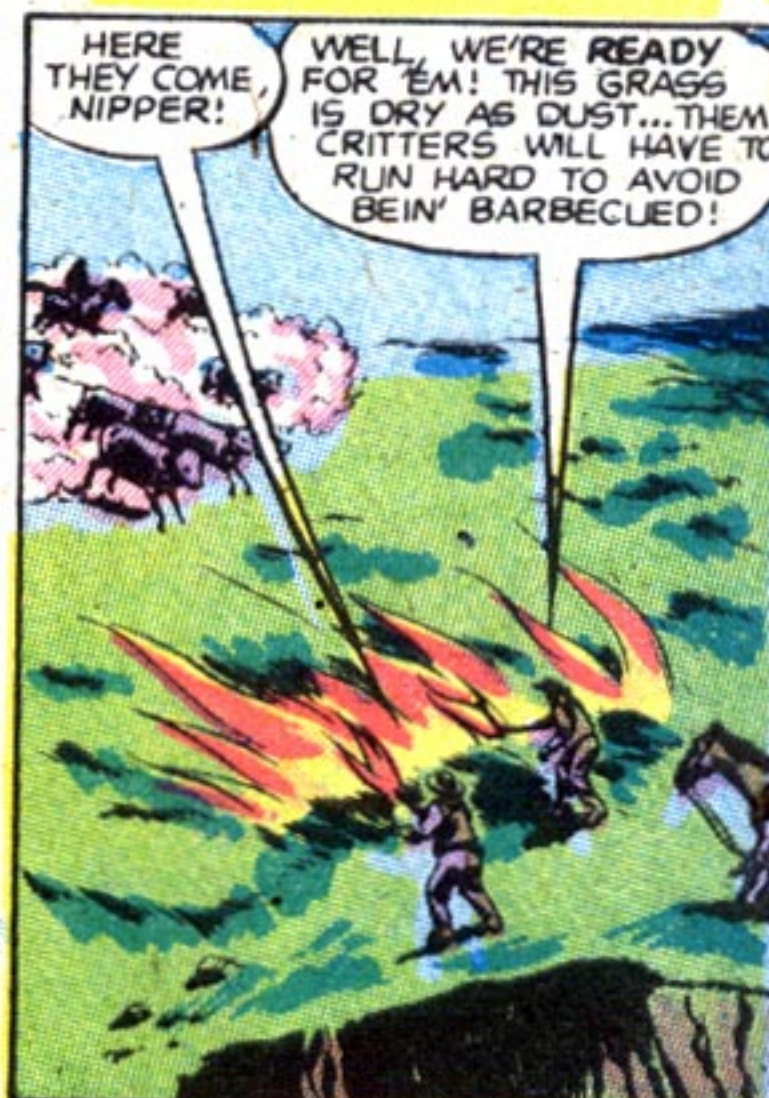
LATER THAT EVENING!

WE'VE BEEN TOO EASY ON MARSH! THIS TIME WE'LL FIX HIM FOR GOOD! YOU CAN'T RUN A CATTLE RANCH WITH NO CATTLE!

STAMPEDE THAT HERD! HEAD 'EM FOR RIVER CLIFF!

GET MOVIN', YOU CRITTERS!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

NIPPER WAS KILLED BECAUSE WE SPOILED THAT CRITTER'S PLANS! I'D SURE LIKE THE JOB OF TRACKING DOWN WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS TROUBLE, IDAHO!

I WISH WE KNEW WHAT, OR WHO WAS THE CAUSE OF IT! VINEGAR BLAMES IT ON EVIL SPIRITS! MY GUESS IS THAT KEVAN'S BEHIND IT- HE WANTS OUR LAND FOR SOME STRANGE REASON!



...AND I THINK IT'S BOXCAR BENNETT!

BOXCAR'S SWEET ON DOLLY, BUT DOLLY'S TURNED HIM DOWN A HUNDRED TIMES! DOLLY FIGURES BOXCAR MIGHT BE TRYING TO BUST ME, SO THAT WHEN HE OFFERS ENOUGH MONEY TO SAVE MY RANCH, DOLLY MIGHT MARRY HIM FOR MY SAKE!

IT'S NO INDIAN CURSE! THE MAN WHO KILLED NIPPER WAS NO EVIL SPIRIT! I'VE GOT DOUBLE REASON FOR WANTING THE JOB! I WANT TO GET THE SKUNK WHO KILLED MY PAL! WHAT DO YA SAY, IDAHO?



THE JOB'S YOURS, BEN! UNLESS THINGS 'GET BETTER, I CAN'T PAY YOU ANY MORE THAN YOU GOT AS A RANCH HAND!

THANKS, IDAHO- IF I FIND THE LOUSE THAT KILLED NIPPER, IT'LL BE WORTH A MILLION BUCKS TO ME! AN' I'M POSITIVE I'LL FIND HIM HERE, BECAUSE HE'S BOUND TO COME BACK SOONER OR LATER TO DO THE MISCHIEF ME AN' NIPPER STOPPED TONIGHT!



E-EXCUSE ME, MISS...? SNIFF? I REALLY AIN'T THE CRYING SORT... BUT ME AND NIPPER WERE PALS FOR TEN YEARS! A KINDER, MORE HONEST GUY NEVER LIVED! ALL FIVE FEET TWO OF HIM WAS GUTS AND BRAINS! THE SKUNK WHO DID THIS ROBBED THE WORLD OF A GREAT GUY!



SEE THESE HOOFPRIENTS? IT LOOKS LIKE OUR MURDERIN' FRIEND HAD COMPANY WHEN HE STARTED THE STAMPEDE!

NO DOUBT MORE THAN ONE MAN WAS BEHIND THIS! IF IT IS EITHER KEVAN OR BOXCAR THEY'D BE SURE TO HAVE OTHERS DO THE DIRTY WORK FOR THEM!



WE FINISHED THE INVENTORY, IDAHO! SIXTY-SEVEN HEAD, BUT I GOT A SUGGESTION TO MAKE BEFORE YOU SEND THEM TO MARKET! PASTURE 'EM A COUPLE OF WEEKS ON RICH LAND... FATTEN 'EM UP... THEY'LL BRING A MUCH BETTER PRICE!



GOOD IDEA, BEN! WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOLLY?

I'M FOR IT!

IT'S BEEN A WHOLE WEEK NOW WITH NO TROUBLE, BEN! COULD IT BE A COINCIDENCE, OR DO YOU THINK THE CULPRIT KNOWS YOU'RE GUNNING FOR HIM?



I DON'T KNOW, DOLLY, BUT I'M SURE ITCHIN' TO MEET UP WITH THE RAT!

HI, THERE, KEVAN! I AIN'T SEEN YOU AROUND TOWN LATELY! WHAT'S NEW?

IDAHO'S HIRED BEN HUNTLEY TO GET WHOEVER IS SUPPOSED TO BE CAUSIN' THEM TROUBLE AND I HEAR DOLLY'S TAKEN QUITE A SHINE TO HIM - BUT MAYBE I SHOULDN'T TALK SO LOUD ABOUT IT IN FRONT OF BOXCAR BENNETT!



YOU FAT RAT! WHAT GOSSIP DID YOU PICK UP? OUT WITH IT!

TAKE IT EASY, BOXCAR! MR. KEVAN LIKES TO TALK FROM A DISTANCE!

I'LL BE PERFECTLY CLEAR, BOXCAR! THE LIGHT OF YOUR LIFE, MISS MARSH, IS GLEAMING FOR SOME-BODY ELSE! A PENNILESS COW-POKE NAMED BEN HUNTLEY!



OBEY THE LAW

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BOXCAR, BUT IT MUST BE TOUGH TO HAVE YOUR PLANS UPSET BY A NO-ACCOUNT CATTLE PUNCHER!

NOBODY MAKES ME TAKE A BACK SEAT WHEN IT COMES TO DAMES! THAT HUNTLEY GUY IS GOING TO CURSE THE DAY HE MET DOLLY!

TWO WEEKS LATER, AT THE MARSH RANCH!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE STOCK! SEE YOU IN FOUR DAYS WITH A BIG BUNDLE OF MORTGAGE PAYOFF! SO LONG, FOLKS!

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF BEN! YOU'RE MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY STOCK!

HE'S A WONDERFUL GUY, DOLLY! I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITHOUT HIM!

BYE, BEN!

I DO HOPE HE'LL BE SAFE!

THERE THEY GO... HEADING FOR THE MARKET! TRAIL 'EM AND SEE THAT THEY'RE BELLY-UP! BY MORNING! ALL OF 'EM... ESPECIALLY THAT HUNTLEY GUY!

LEAVE IT TO US!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! NOW, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO - PRETEND WE DON'T SEE 'EM!

THEY DIDN'T SPOT US! LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE SLEEPIN'! SHALL WE RUSH 'EM NOW?

LET'S GO!

YOU HAD THE RIGHT IDEA, BEN! THEY'RE AFTER THE HERD ALL RIGHT! READY, BOYS - HERE THEY COME!

JOE, MAC, TINY... GET INTO THE CHUCK WAGON! GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! JULES AN' I'LL GET A BEAD ON 'EM FROM BEHIND THE WAGON!

S-SAY! I THOUGHT THEY WERE SLEEPIN'!

BEN SURE PLAYED THIS SMART! THEY'RE DROPPIN' LIKE FLIES!

THEY ASKED FOR IT - THE RATS! THEY WERE GONNA BUSHWHACK US WHILE WE WERE SLEEPING!

THERE GO... BEN AND JULES AFTER THEM!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

GOSH! WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST SHOOTIN' LIKE THAT!

THIS IS LIKE GETTIN' AMBUSHED!

FASTER, HORSE! I AIN'T GETTIN' SHOT UP FOR NO KIND OF MONEY!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

DID YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM, JULES?

NOPE! EXCEPT THIS ONE! I SEEN HIM IN TOWN... ABOUT A WEEK AGO - AT THE BAR!

WELL, ONE THING'S CERTAIN! WE BETTER GET THIS HERD TO MARKET QUICK! THE SOONER WE GET BACK HOME, THE BETTER!

THAT WAS A VERY BRIGHT IDEA OF YOURS! WE'RE MISSIN' THREE MEN AN' ACCOMPLISHED NOTHIN'! NEXT TIME YOU WANT HUNTLEY, BELLY UP, YOU TURN HIM OVER, YOURSELF!

OKAY - DON'T GET NERVOUS! YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE! WHILE HUNTLEY IS TAKIN' THE HERD TO MARKET WE'LL GO BACK TO THE RANCH! HUNTLEY CAN'T BE IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME CAN HE?

OBEY THE LAW

LATER THAT NIGHT!

IDAHO, WAKE UP! THE BARN'S ON FIRE!

SMASH THOSE PIPES! FLOOD THE FIELDS!

BURN THE GRASS!

BURN THE HAYSTACKS!

POISON THE FEED!

IF I COULD ONLY SEE THE DEVILS! TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE, DOLLY! DIRECT MY ARM... I'LL KEEP FIRING IN THAT DIRECTION! MAYBE I'LL HIT ONE OF THEM!

NO, IDAHO! PUT DOWN THAT GUN! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TILL BEN AND THE BOYS GET BACK!

THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND, IDAHO! WHY DON'T THEY KILL US? THEY'VE HAD PLENTY OF CHANCES TO SHOOT ME DOWN AND YOU, TOO!

MAYBE RAIDIN' US IS THE FIRST PHASE! IF THAT DOESN'T SCARE US OFF THE PROPERTY, THEY'LL GO FOR OUR HIDES! WE SAW WHAT THEY DID TO NIPPER JONES!

THIS IS A NICE HERD YOU BROUGHT IN, HUNTLEY!

THANK YOU, MR. WINTERS! THE BOSS SURE CAN USE THE DOUGH!

HEY, HUNTLEY! WE JUST GOT WORD FROM THE RANCH - THE RATS RAIDED THE PLACE! IDAHO WANTS US TO GET BACK AS SOON AS WE CAN!

MEANWHILE!

EVEN THOUGH THE HORSES NEED WATCHING, I HATE TO LEAVE YOU ALONE AT THE RANCH WITH JUST FREDDY AND VINEGAR!

THERE'S NOTHIN' MUCH LEFT HERE THEY CAN HURT... EXCEPT ME! AN' THEY WON'T GO HUNTING FOR MY HEAD TILL THEY'VE AT LEAST TAKEN A CRACK AT THE HORSES! YOU JUST ROUND 'EM UP AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!

DURING DOLLY'S ABSENCE THAT NIGHT... ANOTHER RAID TAKES PLACE AT THE MARSH RANCH!

WE'LL FIX IDAHO FOR GOOD... HE CAN'T DO MUCH RANCHIN' FROM A JAILHOUSE AND I KNOW HE'LL PULL A GUN IF WE GET HIM MAD ENOUGH! PASS ME THAT .44! IT'S THE SAME CALIBRE AS IDAHO'S!

HERE COMES A COWHAND! AIM NICE AN' STRAIGHT, BOSS!

GREAT GUNS! THIS'S TOO MUCH! THEY'VE SET MY OWN HOUSE ON FIRE!

YA GOT AN AUDIENCE, BOSS! IDAHO'S LOOKIN' OUT OF THE WINDOW! OF COURSE, HE CAN'T SEE WHAT YA DONE TO HIS COWHAND! HEH! HEH!

COME ON OUT, MARSH - YA DIRTY COWARD... OR MAYBE YOU'D RATHER BURN ALIVE THAN FACE US?

WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT STOPPIN' US FROM SLAUGHTERIN' YOUR CATTLE - OR MAYBE YOU'LL USE YOUR BLINDNESS AS AN EXCUSE?

THE DIRTY, MURDERING DOGS! I DON'T CARE WHAT DOLLY SAID! I'M AIMIN' FOR THEIR VOICES AN' I'M AIMIN' STRAIGHT!

OBEY THE LAW



HELPLESS, AIN'T YOU, WITHOUT YOUR BIG SISTER?

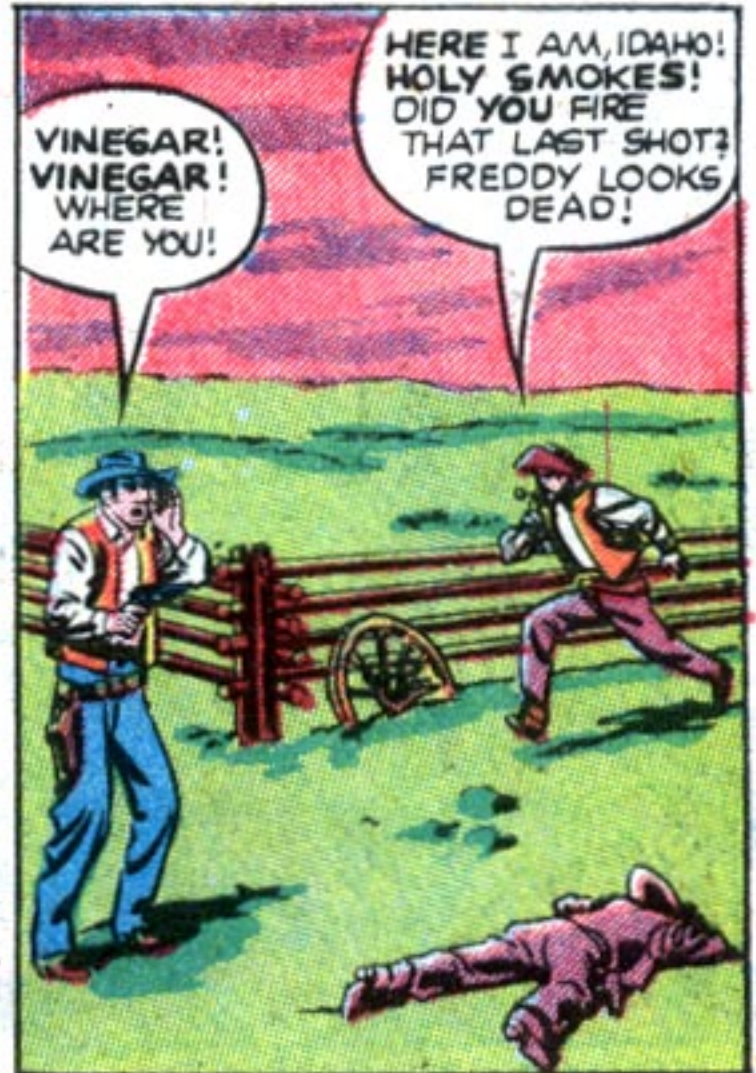
WHAT'RE YA CARRYIN' THAT WATER PISTOL FOR, MARSH? YA KNOW YA AIN'T GOIN' TO USE IT! HA! HA!

THE HECK I AIN'T! MAYBE I CAN'T SEE YOU SKUNKS! BUT I CAN SMELL YOU. AN' I CAN HEAR YOUR HYENA LAUGHTER! WELL, I'M SIGHTIN' RIGHT ALONG THAT LAUGHTER!



YEEOWW! ...MY ARM!

SHUT UP! DON'T LET HIM KNOW HE WINGED YA!



VINEGAR! VINEGAR! WHERE ARE YOU!

HERE I AM, IDAHO! HOLY SMOKES! DID YOU FIRE THAT LAST SHOT? FREDDY LOOKS DEAD!



B-BOSS, MY ARM... IT'S HALF BLOWN OFF! I...I CAN'T STOP THE BLEEDIN'!

I'LL STOP IT FOR YOU, JUKE!

YOU FELLERS GO BACK TO TOWN! I'LL JOIN YOU AFTER I FIX JUKE'S ARM! GO INTO THE WOODS, JUKE!



DISMOUNT, JUKE, AND LIE DOWN! I'LL STOP THAT ARM FROM PAININ' YA!



SORRY, JUKE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE FOUND OUT AND YOUR ARM WOUND MIGHT GIVE THE WHOLE SHOW AWAY...



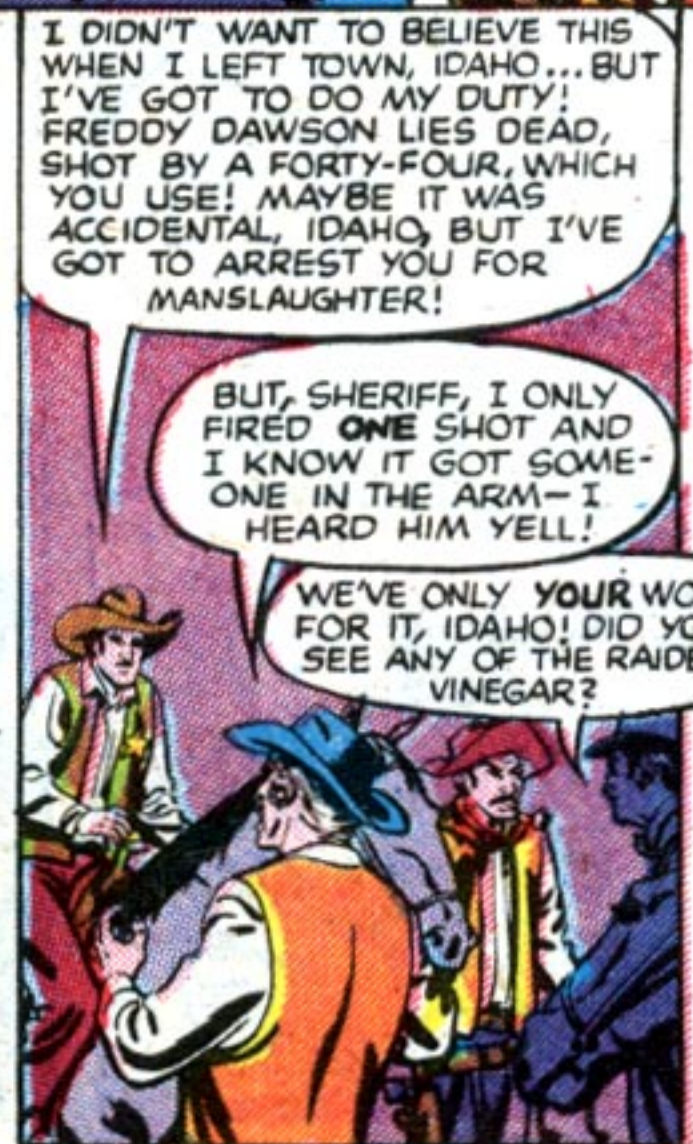
BUT HOW COULD I KILL HIM, VINEGAR? I ONLY FIRED ONE SHOT AN' THE GUY YELLED, "YEOW, MY ARM"... HE COULDN'T HAVE YELLED THAT IF HE WAS DRILLED THROUGH THE HEART LIKE FREDDY WAS!

POOR FREDDY! I SURE HOPE YOU DIDN'T DO IT! YOU USE A FORTY-FOUR AN' THERE AIN'T MANY 'ROUND THESE PARTS! IF THAT ISN'T A FORTY-FOUR IN HIM - IT'LL PROVE YOU DIDN'T DO IT!



WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT, SHERIFF?

SOMEBODY THREW A ROCK THROUGH MY WINDOW WITH A NOTE SAYING IDAHO MARSH MURDERED SOMEBODY ON HIS RANCH! IT SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME! IDAHO'S A LEVEL-HEADED HOMBRE! AN' BESIDES, HOW COULD HE SEE TO KILL ANYONE? HE'S BLIND!



I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE THIS WHEN I LEFT TOWN, IDAHO... BUT I'VE GOT TO DO MY DUTY! FREDDY DAWSON LIES DEAD, SHOT BY A FORTY-FOUR, WHICH YOU USE! MAYBE IT WAS ACCIDENTAL, IDAHO, BUT I'VE GOT TO ARREST YOU FOR MANSLAUGHTER!

BUT, SHERIFF, I ONLY FIRED ONE SHOT AND I KNOW IT GOT SOMEONE IN THE ARM - I HEARD HIM YELL!

WE'VE ONLY YOUR WORD FOR IT, IDAHO! DID YOU SEE ANY OF THE RAIDERS, VINEGAR?



NO, KEVAN! BUT IT'S A CINCH IDAHO DIDN'T BURN HIS OWN HOUSE DOWN!

DON'T BOTHER ASKING MORE QUESTIONS, SHERIFF! I'M GLAD I RETURNED IN TIME TO SAVE MY BROTHER FROM A HORRIBLE FRAME-UP! GET OFF THIS LAND, SHERIFF, OR WE'LL BURY YOU ON IT!

DOLLY!

MISS MARSH! PUT DOWN THAT GUN - YOU'RE OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE!

OBEY THE LAW

DON'T, DOLLY! THE SHERIFF'S ONLY DOIN' HIS DUTY! IF I'M PROVED INNOCENT, IT'S GOT TO BE DONE IN A LEGAL WAY! I'M YOUR PRISONER, SHERIFF, BUT I'M AS INNOCENT OF SHOOTIN' FRED AS YOU ARE!

CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S A FRAME-UP? SOMEBODY PROVOKED IDAHO TO FIRE A SHOT, THEN PLANTED FRED'S BODY TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE IDAHO KILLED HIM! IT'S JUST ANOTHER TRICK TO RUIN IDAHO AND DRIVE HIM OFF HIS LAND!

MAYBE SO, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO BE PROVEN!

YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT'S HAPPENED, KEVAN, DO YOU? NOT MUCH—BUT YOU'LL LIKE IT LESS WHEN BEN COMES BACK! HE'LL FIND THE REAL MURDERER, AND MAYBE IT'LL TURN OUT TO BE YOU!

MY DEAR MISS MARSH, I FORGIVE YOUR OUTRAGEOUS ACCUSATIONS ON THE GROUNDS THAT YOU'RE VIOLENTLY UPSET! I WOULD BE DISTURBED, TOO, IF MY BROTHER FACED TEN YEARS IN PRISON! AND NOW, GOODBYE, MY DEAR!

VINEGAR, WHEN SHOULD BEN AND THE BOYS GET BACK?

IN A DAY OR TWO, I RECKON, BUT NOTHIN' DOES ANY GOOD AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS! BETTER QUIT COLD AN' SELL THE LAND TO SOME SUCKER—THAT'S WHAT I'D DO IF I WAS YOU, MISS MARSH!

TWO DAYS LATER, BEN RETURNS...

DID YOU FIND SOMETHING, BEN?

YES—A TRAIL OF BLOOD! IF ONE OF THE RAIDERS WAS HIT IN THE ARM, LIKE IDAHO SAID, THAT .44 SLUG MUST'VE TORN HIM. SOMETHING AWFUL! THIS BLOOD MIGHT LEAD TO WHOEVER'S BEEN ATTACKING IDAHO!

CAN I GO ALONG, BEN?

NO, DOLLY! VINEGAR CAN GIVE ME ALL THE HELP I NEED! YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE HORSES! LET'S GO, VINEGAR!

THE TRAIL'S LEADING RIGHT INTO THE WOODS, VINEGAR!

WHEW—GET A LOAD OF THAT! DO YOU RECOGNIZE HIM, VINEGAR?

NOPE! HE'S BEEN DONE IN NICE AN' PROPER, THOUGH! LET'S GET HIM INTO TOWN TO A DOCTOR!

DO YOU KNOW WHO HE IS, DOC?

YES—HIS NAME'S JUKE RAY—A BAD CHARACTER! HE'S ONE OF BENNETT'S MEN! THAT'S A .44 IN HIS ARM, BUT IT WAS THOSE .38 SLUGS IN HIS BACK THAT KILLED HIM!

YOU STAY OUTTA THIS, VINEGAR! THERE'S LIABLE TO BE SOME SHOOTIN' AND THIS QUARREL ISN'T YOUR HEAD-ACHE! I'M SETTLING A PERSONAL GRUDGE OF MY OWN, ALONG WITH IDAHO'S!

OKAY, BEN, I NEVER DID LIKE BEIN' AROUND SHOOTIN'! I'LL GO GET ME A DRINK!

BOXCAR BENNETT'S GAMBLING CASINO

EIGHTER FROM DECATUR! THAT AINT HARD TO MAKE! C'MON, DICE!

EVENIN', BOXCAR! YOUR GAME'S UP! YOU THREW A BOXCAR WHEN YOU FRAMED IDAHO AND SHOT JUKE IN THE BACK, BECAUSE YOU WERE AFRAID HIS ARM WOUND WOULD GIVE YOUR SCHEME AWAY! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO TELL THE WHOLE STORY TO THE SHERIFF!

OBEY THE LAW



THE HECK I WILL! GET HIM, BOYS!

I DON'T WANT IT THIS WAY, BENNETT...



... BUT IF YOU'RE ORDERING YOUR OWN FUNERAL, IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

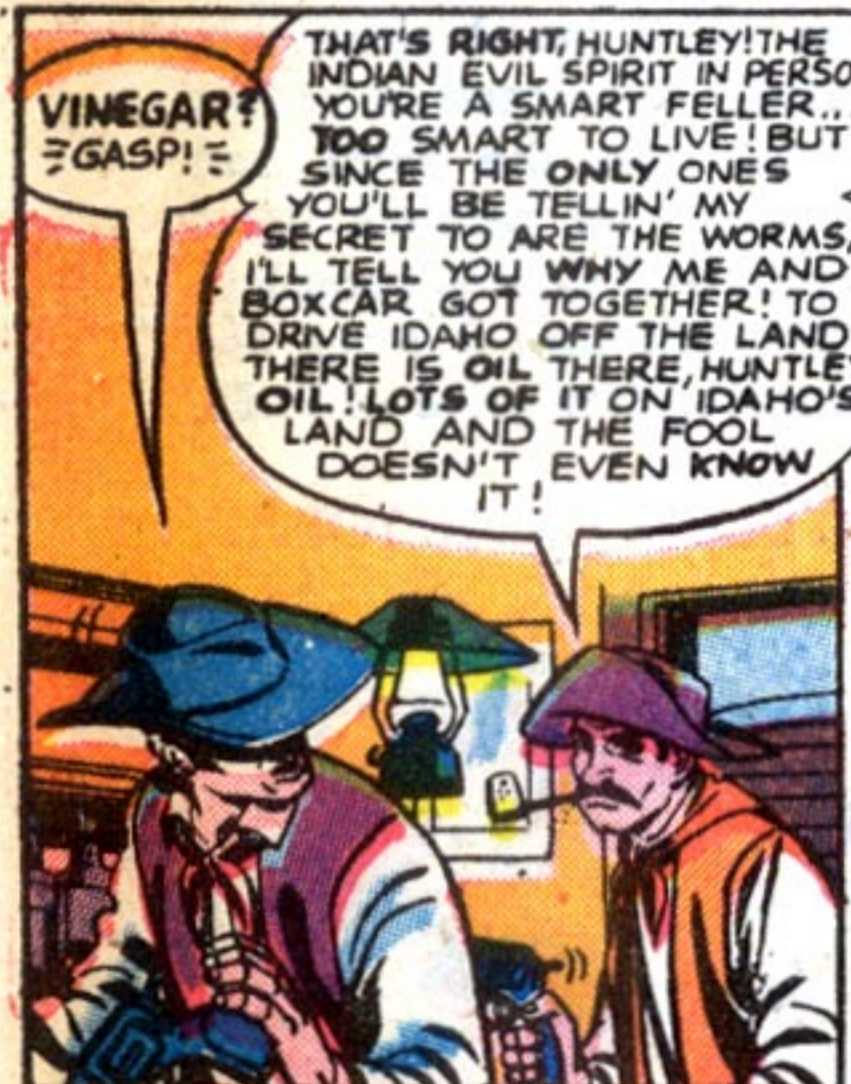


O-O-KAY, HUNTLEY... LET UP... Y-YOU WIN!



THEN COME ACROSS! WHY'VE YOU BEEN RAIDING MARSH'S LAND? WHY'VE YOU BEEN BURNIN' HIS BUILDINGS, KILLIN' HIS STOCK, AN' SPOILIN' HIS FEED? WHAT'S BEHIND IT? WHO'S BEHIND IT? KEVAN?

GUESS AGAIN, HUNTLEY, AND GUESS WITH EMPTY HANDS!



VINEGAR? GASP!

THAT'S RIGHT, HUNTLEY! THE INDIAN EVIL SPIRIT IN PERSON! YOU'RE A SMART FELLER... TOO SMART TO LIVE! BUT SINCE THE ONLY ONES YOU'LL BE TELLIN' MY SECRET TO ARE THE WORMS, I'LL TELL YOU WHY ME AND BOXCAR GOT TOGETHER! TO DRIVE IDAHO OFF THE LAND! THERE IS OIL THERE, HUNTLEY, OIL! LOTS OF IT ON IDAHO'S LAND AND THE FOOL DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT!



HE'LL GET NOTHIN' OUT OF THE LAND! WITH YOU DEAD AND HIMSELF ROTTING AWAY IN JAIL, WE'LL BUY UP THE LAND CHEAP AND MAKE MILLIONS!

SO YOU'VE BEEN SNIPING AWAY AT IDAHO FROM THE INSIDE, WHILE BOXCAR'S GUNSLINGERS HAVE BEEN WORKIN' FROM THE OUTSIDE! TELL ME, WHO KILLED MY PAL, NIPPER?

I HAD THAT PLEASURE-AN' I'LL ENJOY DOIN' YOU IN JUST AS MUCH!



DROP IT, BOXCAR, OR YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO PULL THE TRIGGER!

IT'S THE SHERIFF! FIRE! WE'LL GET THE ROPE FOR THIS!



NO, VINEGAR... YOU'LL GET LEAD!

KEVAN!



IT'S KEVAN YOU GOTTA THANK FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE, BEN! HE SAW YOU GO INTO BOXCAR'S PLACE AN' HEARD THE SHOTS! THEN HE SAW VINEGAR GO IN, AN' PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AN' FETCHED US!

THAT'S RIGHT, HUNTLEY! YOU OWE ME AN APOLOGY! YOU AN' THE MARSHES! I DID WANT THE LAND... I AM LAND GREEDY, BUT I'M NOT A MURDERER!

I SEE THAT NOW, KEVAN, AND I ASK YOU TO FORGIVE ME! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IDAHO IS GOING TO HOLD ON TO HIS LAND FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!



THERE'S ENOUGH OIL ON THIS PROPERTY TO BUY A HUNDRED CATTLE RANCHES, MR. MARSH!

I'LL SPLIT 'EM WITH YOU, BEN! FIFTY-FIFTY! YOU AND DOLLY MIGHT BE WANTIN' A HOME OF YOUR OWN SOON... EVEN A BLIND MAN CAN SEE THAT-I MEAN HEAR IT!

DARLING!

THE END

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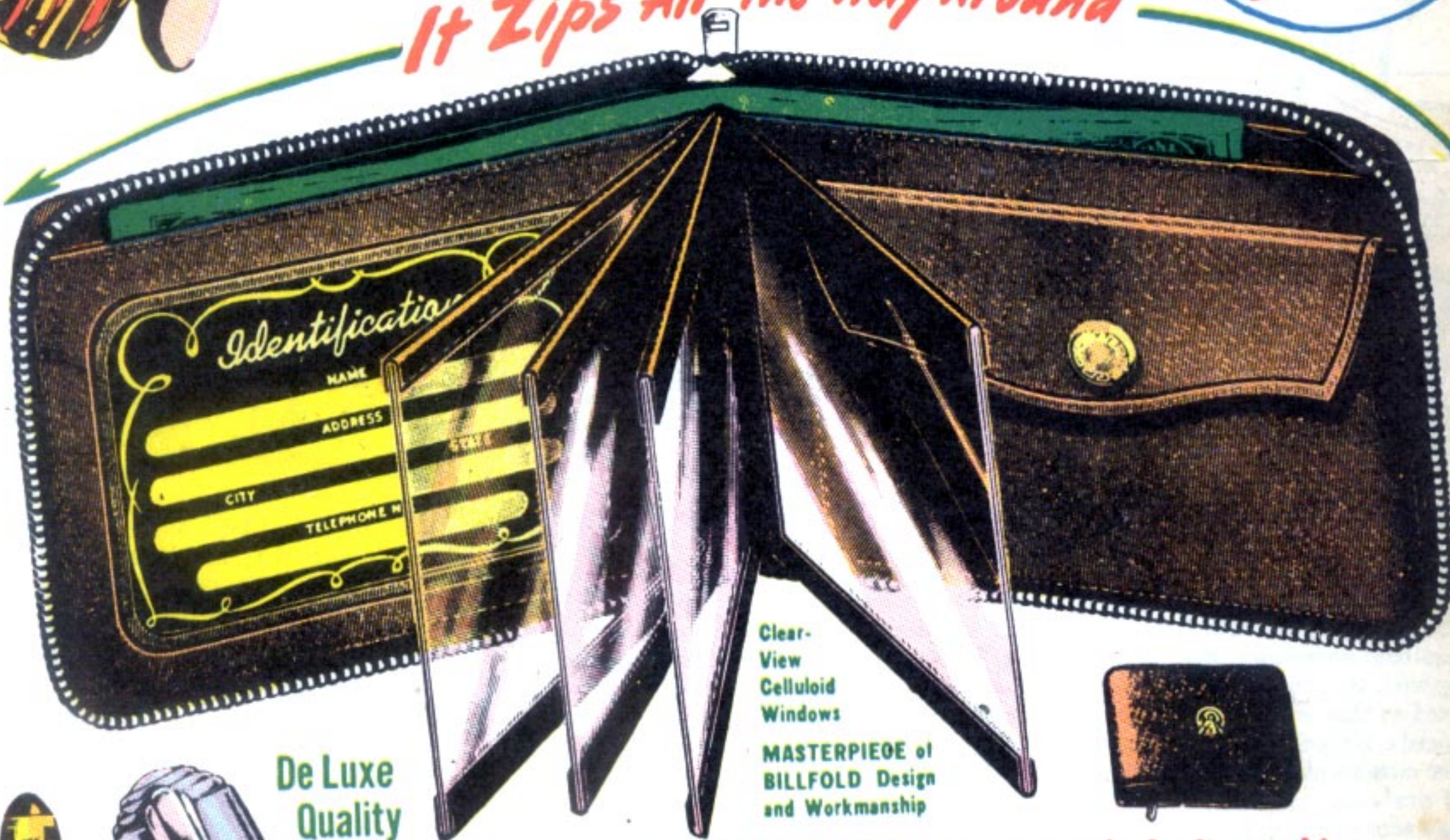
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3

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